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GENERAL, BRAMWELL BOOTH

The

# WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.  
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.  
LONDON E.C.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST

NEWFOUNDLAND

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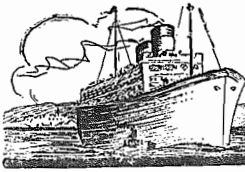
WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.



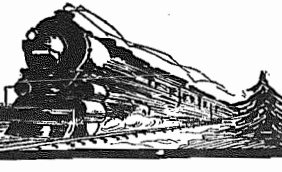
## PHASES OF LONDON I CORPS ACTIVITIES

(1) THE LEAGUE OF MERCY; (2) THE CENSUS BOARD LOCALS; (3) THE HOME LEAGUE.

(See pages 4 and 5)



# COAL



**A**BOUT this time of the year most people are thinking about coal, and, incidentally, the price of it; but I wonder how many of us know the variety of things produced from these pearls of shining blackness, and have ever thought of the lessons they teach us.

The advertisements remind us continually that coal generates heat, and

black friend. The next time you see a picture ablaze with delicate colors, and filling you with admiration, just remind yourself that coal provides us with the means for producing over four hundred colors and shades of color, the chief of which are saffron, violet, blue and indigo.

Coal has contributed to the medical world salicylic acid, naphthol, phenol and antipyrine, nearly all of which have now become invaluable to doctors and for use in hospitals. Benzine and naphtholine are used for destroying annoying and destructive insects. There are also found in it ammoniacal salts, useful as fertilizers, tannin, saccharine (a substitute for sugar), the flavor of currants, raspberry, and pepper.

Photographers could not get on very well without the pyrogallol acid and hydroquinone with which coal has to supply them, whilst tar, resin, asphaltum, lubricating oils, and varnish come from the same source.

Then think of the engines in all parts of the world drawing their heavy trains, the great liners ploughing the ocean and many other benefits that space will not allow me to enlarge upon.

Unfortunately, agents possessed with the war spirit of the last few years, discovered at least two very powerful explosives in coal called dinitrobenzene or bellite, and picrates, both of which contributed largely to the destruction of life and property in the Great War.

So you see that coal is capable of producing that which benefits, beautifies, feeds, destroys, and wounds; each production being dependent upon certain treatment.

Men and women have a similar capacity. We can make this world happy, heal the wounds and sorrows of those about us, cleanse and purify by clean and holy living, feed hungry souls with the Bread of Life, beautify the ugly places of the earth by kindness and simplicity, shed abroad fragrance beyond the power of per-

fumes rare, by being humble in spirit and contrite in heart. We can live to benefit mankind and to bring light into the dark places of the earth.

On the other hand we are equally capable of wounding friends and destroying the happiness of those about us by thoughtless words and deeds, for—

Evil is wrought for want of thought, As well as want of heart.

Selfishness can spoil the beauty and happiness of the home; it can become an explosive which will shatter hopes and destroy the usefulness of lives.

A deceitful, mean spirit will starve the people around us, and love will die, leaving us the lonely victim of our own remorse.



Resolve to be productive of the best and most useful things, and so leave to mankind a heritage fragrant and sweet.



occasionally we remember that gas is another of its contributions to human comfort.

But you may be surprised to know that we get from coal quite a lot of other things that we could scarcely do without. For instance, a great many perfumes are obtained from it, such as cinnamon, bitter almonds, queen of the meadows, clove, wintergreen, anise, camphor, thymol, and heliotropine.

Some of these you will at once recognize, are used for flavoring. Is it not wonderful that such a variety of beautiful scents and flavorings can be secured from such a dirty looking substance as coal?

But we have not nearly finished extracting wonders from our little



## Clippings from Contemporaries

### "NOTHING TO PAY"

Singing of Chorus Attracts Ex-Champion Lightweight Boxer

While crossing a railway bridge on his way to the Open-air meeting recently, the Officer in charge of Bolton I Corps saw a very large gang of men laying a new track and was led to call to them: "Hill men, I know your foreman will give you a minute, as you won't be able to get to church to-day. I'll sing you a little song to think about as you work." Then, playing his concertina, he sang as they all listened:

"Nothing to pay, nothing to pay,  
Everything is ready, start your journey  
to-day!  
Nothing to pay, nothing to pay,  
You can travel without money on the  
Lord's railway."

Last Saturday night a drunken man rolled into the meeting, and said, "I can't forget it, 'nothing to pay,' the Captain said so, and I won't it, 'nothing to pay,' I want to get on the Lord's railway," and "Nobby" Clark, lightweight champion boxer of the British Army in India, who had been one of the listeners on the line, got soundly converted. He now testifies to the fact that he is going to use all his energies in "fighting the Devil."—British WAR CRY.

### "SIR, CAN YOU SHOW A MAN HOW TO GET SAVED?"

A few weeks ago a stranger called at the house of Brigadier Carter, the Training Principal. He was evidently in a state of great anxiety. "Sir," said he, "can you show a man how to get saved?"

The Brigadier took his Bible, and opened up to him the way of Salvation. Soon he broke down and wropt like a child, and said: "You are my man; the Lord has guided me to you.

I was saved as a boy, but I wanted to find somebody who could help another man to Jesus, and in my extremity I have turned to The Salvation Army. My nephew is lying in the hospital, and they tell us that he has only three or four days to live. Can you come over and help us?"

As quickly as he could the Brigadier visited the hospital. The dying boy's mother was weeping by the bed-side. How grand it was to be able to point that soul to Christ. Like a flower opens to the sun, so the soul of that dying young man responded to the sweet evangel of God's mercy.

Three other visits were paid, and on the third afternoon it was evident that the patient was on the borderland of eternity. "Is all well?" the Brigadier asked. The reply came with no uncertainty, but with a sweet assurance: "I am not afraid, all is well."

And in the early hours of the next morning the soul took its flight.—Winnipeg WAR CRY.

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Sunday, Nov. 6th, Matthew 16:13-20.  
"On this Rock I will build My Church."

Many are puzzled by these words of Jesus. But, if we read carefully, we shall see that the "rock" referred to was not Peter himself (whose name means "a stone") but the God-revealed truth, which the Apostle had just stated (5:16). It is well to note also that the authority given Peter by the Saviour (5:19) was evidently shared by his fellow Apostles (See chapter 18:18).

Monday, Nov. 7th, Matthew 16:21-22.

"What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

No man can ever hope to possess all the world has to offer, yet multitudes lose their souls in their effort to gain but a fraction of its wealth, or fame, or pleasure. Do you live a worldly, God-forgetting life? If so, stop and consider what profit you can expect at the end of it all.

Tuesday, Nov. 8th, Matthew 17:1-13.

"Jesus . . . was transfigured before them."

The disciples, accustomed to see their Master under ordinary human conditions caring for the sick and needy looked upon Him merely as a Man. Now they are to learn that He is the Son of God. This wonderful truth taught them on the Mount of Transfiguration they never forgot—it became the central fact of their spiritual life and service.

Wednesday, Nov. 9th, Matt. 17:14-21.

"If ye have faith . . . nothing shall be impossible unto you."

Through faith in God the Saints in all ages have accomplished the seemingly impossible.

Thursday, Nov. 10th, Matt. 17:22-27.

"The Son of Man shall be betrayed . . . and they shall kill Him."

The Saviour never hid the idea of suffering either from Himself or His followers. We cannot expect an easy path if we set out to follow in His footsteps.

Friday, Nov. 11th, Matthew 18:1-11.

"The Son of Man is come to save that which was lost."

Here the Prince of Glory Himself explains the purpose of His coming to Bethlehem's manger and Calvary's Cross.

"He did not come to judge the world. He did not come to blame the world. It was not to condemn the world. It was to save He came. And if when we call him 'Saviour,' Then we call Him by His name."

Saturday, Nov. 12th, Matt. 18:12-26.

"Tell him alone."

This is by no means an easy task, but one which takes real moral courage. Many will speak about others behind their backs who never dare to deal with them personally.

## MADE LIFE WORTH WHILE

"Yes, certainly, I will help!" said a cheery shopkeeper in response to an Officer's request for assistance with his forthcoming Self-Denial Effort. "The Army did me a good turn once," she continued and then related her story.

Years ago misfortune had come her way, and she was led to feel that life was worth living. As she paced the streets one day, bearing in her arms an infant but a few days old, and feeling unutterably miserable, she was accosted by a Salvationist.

"You seem in trouble," said the Salvationist, "is there anything I can do for you?"

To the sympathetic listener the girl told her story. The Army forthwith became her friend, and helped to make life worth living for her once again.—Sydney WAR CRY.

# Making Salvation Soldiers of Alaskan Natives

By THE EDITOR

FOUR years after the commencement of The Salvation Army in Canada, a book was issued containing a review of what had been accomplished and a foreview of what was hoped for. From this we gather that plans were then being made for the evangelization of the Native Indian population of Canada, and the writer optimistically declares, "The Salvation Army is destined to Christianize the heathen of Canada."

Whilst The Army cannot claim all the credit for this great work, yet, looking back from the vantage point of 1927, we can rejoice that our Organization has played an important part in carrying the Gospel to the natives.

It is amongst the Coast Tribes of British Columbia and Alaska that The Army has won its most noteworthy victories, and a splendid host of uniformed Native Salvationists now marches beneath our Flag in these northern regions.

On the banks of the Skeena, in Northern British Columbia, stands the village of Glen Vowell—an entirely Salvation Army settlement, with its Citadel and Day School, and resident Officers in charge of the work. The Indians living here are of the Gitksan Tribe.

Further down the river live the Tsimpsseans, and The Army has many Corps established in their

preach the Gospel to my parents, sisters, brothers and friends first. I knew God bless my work; many people against me, but still God helps me. Father and mother, three sisters, one brother and brother-in-law all converted to God."

The Mr. Duncan referred to was the noble missionary whose name is a household word among the Tsimpsseans, and whose enduring monument is a Christian community at Metlakatla, Alaska.

When Mr. Duncan first went among these people, in 1857, they were savage barbarians, practising many cruel heathen customs, steeped in superstition, and often engaged in tribal warfare.

I visited Metlakatla last year, and was greatly impressed with what I saw. Here is a cultured, courteous and Christian people, living in a remote corner of the earth, with not a trace about them of heathenism or savagery. It is the new generation which has grown up under Christian teaching, a living monument to the power of the Gospel to transform and uplift a whole people.

## Congress at Hoonah

It was my privilege to attend a Native Congress at Hoonah, an Indian village in Chicago Island, last Fall. Here were assembled hundreds of natives from the islands of South East Alaska, who had come to the gathering place in their gas-boats. They were of the Tsimpssean, Thlinget, and Hyder Tribes, no longer at enmity with one another, but united in the love of God and the service of The Salvation Army.

Never will I forget the impressive processions of delegates through the village street—a plank walk only about twenty feet wide—as they sang again and again one of their native choruses, which constituted a splendid invitation to the people of the village to come and share in Congress blessings. Loud and clear it rang out, a true expression of the desire of the converted natives for their brothers still in darkness:

"Come, brothers, go with us,  
Where the leaves never fade,  
We shall meet our loved ones there  
On that glorious shining shore."

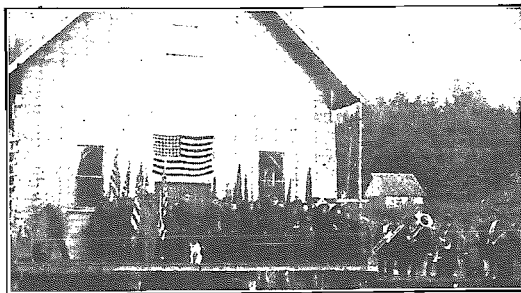
There was much native oratory at the Congress, but as I had to have what was said translated to me, I only gathered bits here and there. Here is a sample of the style in which the native appeals to his fellows, using familiar objects to make comparisons: "When the white men first came to Alaska, they put marks on the rocks to guide the captains of the boats. Some captains, they very careful, get back safely. Others, very careless, they go smash on rocks. Then the Government put lighthouses and bell buoys along channels to make them safer. The Salvation Army come up here to be a lighthouse to the natives. It keep us off the rocks, for we can now see the Light of Salvation."

## A Native Prayer Meeting

A native Prayer meeting impresses one with the reverence of the people, and their great zeal in seeking to extend God's Kingdom. After several songs have been sung, and the Word of God read and explained, the comrades whose duty it is to lead the Prayer meeting, all gather in front of the penitent-form, and commence singing a chorus. This is sung perhaps a dozen times, then down the aisle they go, holding out their hands to the people, inviting them to seek Jesus, and sinning all the while. Those who are saved stand to their feet, and turn towards the singers. The unsaved are thus easily indicated, and round these gather the earnest fishers, pleading and praying with them to come over on the Lord's side. Soon there is a yielding, and very solemnly and reverently the penitents are led forward to the mercy-seat, the same chorus still being sung. Over and over they sing it, perhaps fifty times, till the words seem to take hold of the sinners and backsliders, and a regular procession to the mercy-seat is up.

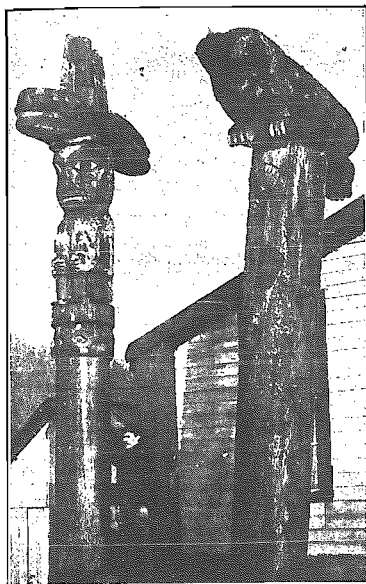
They are earnestly dealt with by the penitent-form workers, and then asked to pray for themselves. With cries and oftentimes sobs, they pour out their confessions to God, and call on Him for pardon and power.

When all have received assurance of God's favor, they are asked to sit up and then commence the Testimony meeting. This usually takes much time, as most are anxious to speak at length about their experiences.



Colonel Miller opening a new Corps Hall at Hoonah during the Congress

Their simple faith, their child-like spirit, their whole-hearted surrender to God's will, their zeal in seeking the Salvation of others, are a delight to behold. They make splendid Salvationists, and are eager to learn how to do things in the proper Army way. Truly the prediction of the writer of the book we mention at the beginning of this article has been fulfilled in a large measure among these tribes, for The Army has taken a leading part in bringing them to the Light and enlisting them under the banner of the Cross.



Totem poles before a Chief's house in Wrangell

villages, under the command of Native Field-Captains, Envoys or Sergeant-Majors.

## An Envoy's Story

One of these Envoys who carried on a splendid work amongst his people for many years, before going to his heavenly reward, has left on record the story of his conversion, which we give in his own quaint way of expressing himself. "I was full of pride, because my father was a big hunter of sea-otter, and a very wealthy man. My mother was a basket-maker. She could make 8½ baskets in a day, twelve inches in diameter. I kept getting worse and worse among the heathen in Port Simpson, and when I start in to be a high man among the heathen, my father was sick in bed."

"A gun boat from Victoria came to make a peace between Naas people and Port Simpson people. I knew that the doctor was on board, so I go on it to see him. Mr. William Duncan was on it and he took my hand and hold me with his hand and talk to me about God's love and our Saviour, Jesus Christ. While he was talking to me, I was nearly fell on the deck for my repent unto to the Lord. I leave all my business of pot-latch, and go back to old Metlakatla, B.C., where Christians are."

"Two years after I married a wife named Alice Booth. Now we work together for the Lord. I

## The Totem of the Cross

By Captain Kenny, Petersburg, Alaska

The work in the Canneries was over,  
Where the waves lap our northern shore;  
And the natives from many a village  
Were returning home once more.

With women, paposes, provisions,  
The varied craft set forth;  
Each skillfully manned by some dusky  
Denizen of the north.

But ere they were far on their journey  
The wind arose in full force,  
And many a hapless vessel  
Was driven from its course.

With provision stores depleted,  
Their journey long delayed,  
In search of food and shelter,  
One storm-tossed gas-boat strayed.

Tossed by the bitter, driving winds,  
Drenched by the spray and foam,  
Into the welcome refuge  
Of a harbor far from home.

They were met with dubious glances,  
No one opened to them his door;  
None offered to feed the strangers  
From his own more abundant store.

In the outskirts of that village,  
In a cabin, small and bare  
Lived a poor old, lonely native  
With little indeed to spare.

He never had seen the strangers,  
But their speech and totem were one,  
And he hastened at once to greet them,  
And welcome them as his own.

So the little cabin was opened,  
His all before them he spread,  
Gladly he gave to the stranger,  
Gladly the hungry he fed.

Have not every people and nation  
Some sign, some emblem, some crest,  
Or totem, by which we may know them  
And distinguish them from the rest?

So we, in the Kingdom of Jesus  
Have a totem all totems above;  
And brought into blessed union  
'Neath the emblem of Christian love.

Not alone for those of one doctrine,  
One creed, or tribe, or nation,  
Calvary's Cross is for every one,  
The blest totem of Salvation!

# SALVATION FIRES IN THE FOREST CITY

The Spark struck in London, Ontario, back in 1882 started a Blaze which is still Burning

## A REVIEW OF THE ACTIVITIES OF LONDON I CORPS

### Corps History

WHEN and how The Army "opened fire" in London, has been told in the pages of THE WAR CRY more than once, and it is only necessary to give the barest outline here.

Colonel Jack Addie, who at that time was a Soldier, states the case thus: "June 1st, 1882, was the date when Ludgate and myself commenced real Army operations in London, although your humble servant had been holding cottage meetings for some months previous, in company with a youth named Jim Cathcart."

So there you have it, date, place, and people.

The Colonel goes on to tell how "they wrote to London, England, ask-

of the Corps, but it will be conceded with equal readiness that very much of the strength and stability of the Corps is found in its stalwart Local Officers; and no one will agree with this more eagerly than the leaders whose efforts have been so splendidly supported by these comrades. The Senior Census Board is a body of Local Officers of which the Corps might well be proud, and is.

On the platform and in the boardroom, or about the Master's business elsewhere, they can be depended on to discharge their various duties with credit to themselves and with satisfaction to their leaders.

Secretary Shepherd and Recruiting Sergeant Mrs. Green have been recently appointed to their present positions, while the other members

are twenty-four members in the Brigade — some were absent when the picture was taken—and to think of the possibilities represented by these consecrated young lives is to be grateful indeed for the agency which directs their talents and energies into channels of usefulness, and grateful, too, for the spirit possessed by these Young People which makes them eager to use their hours of leisure for self-improvement and organized service.

That they are tending in the direction of even higher service is indicated by the fact that two of their number have become Cadets, and are now in the Training Garrison at Toronto.

Much credit for this splendid Brigade is due to Mrs. Commandant Lewis, who was the Corps Cadet Guardian until recently appointed to Bermuda.

### League of Mercy

It is difficult to imagine any work more essentially Christlike than that done by the League of Mercy, and it is a distinct tribute to the League that it is one of the least known among Corps activities. Unobtrusively, faithfully, and without hope of reward until the Master Himself bestows it, these comrades carry on their intensely practical labor of love. Sister Mrs. J. Potter is the leader of this League of thirteen members who visit and conduct meetings and distribute WAR CRYS, and in every way possible bring cheer and comfort to the institutions of the city.

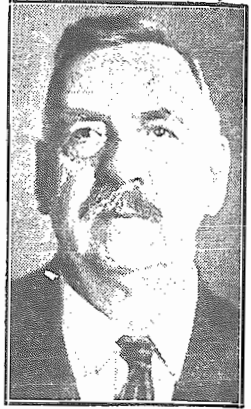
The Hospitals, Jail, Home for the Aged, Home for Incurables, and the Sanitarium are among their fields of labor.

Beside all this, they visit the sick wherever found, and a generally render all those forms of service which are open to sanctified women of mature experience.

### Band

The London Citadel Band is a real force in the life of the city, and a most effective means of keeping the claims of God before the people. Whether it is a swinging march down a busy thoroughfare, a selection on the market square, a hymn tune on a residential street, or a Musical

Festival in the Citadel, to these men it is always an opportunity to preach the Gospel in music, and they revel in every such opportunity. Musically they are high rankers, playing the latest Journals and Festival arrange-



ACTING MAYOR McCORMICK, of London. "Being an old resident of the city," he writes, "I have watched The Army's career with great interest for many years, learning to sing Roll the old Clarion along, under the leadership of Mrs. Shirley. I have found them energetic and trustworthy, and entirely worthy of the confidence and support of the citizens of London."

ments with an instrumentation of 34 pieces, but their greatest strength is outside their music and lies in their zeal as fighting Soldiers; in the Open-air or indoors, with song, testimony or prayer they are ever ready to do their part and enjoy it; in the words of the Corps Officer: "They are ready for anything."

The personnel of the Band would provide some interesting studies; Bandsman Shepherd, the side-drummer, is a wonderful trophy of grace,



London I Corps Cadet Brigade—a promising band of young enthusiasts

ing for Officers, and were referred to Commissioner Railton in New York; how a letter to him failed to find him and was returned unopened; how eventually Officers came from New York, enrolled fifty Soldiers, and commissioned him and Ludgate as Captains.

Some remarkable changes have taken place since that eventful June night forty-five years ago, but The Army drum still awakens the echoes on Market Square, the Flag still waves on London streets, more voices than ever are telling the same story. Addie and Ludgate told, and Praise God, the story is still attracting men and women to Christ.

A roll call of the Officers who have seen service at London I during those years would include many of the best known leaders of Canada. Beginning with "Happy Bill" Cooper, we find such names as Staff-Captain Manton, Captain John Southall, Adjutant J. Sharp, Captains A. McMillan, G. Miller, J. Rawling, H. Frink (now Mrs. Lt-Colonel Attwell), and Adjutants D. McAmmond, A. Goodwin, H. Kendall, and L. DesBrisay, while the Soldiers' Roll of the Corps still carries the names of those who were faithful then as now.

But the Corps is not simply living on the records of the past. To-day, a well organized body of fighting troops are maintaining the traditions they honor so highly, while three other Corps are waging the same warfare in other parts of the city, and social operations for men, women and children are in active operation.

### Census Board

That London I has been commanded by some of the finest Officers in the Territory will not be denied by any who are familiar with the history

of the Board, Corps Sergeant-Major Davis, Treasurer Russell, Bandmaster Woods, and Young People's Sergeant-Major Ferguson, have been at their respective posts for a number of years.

These comrades have the confidence of their leaders, the love of their comrades, and the respect of their fellow citizens.

### Corps Cadets

A section of the Corps which promises great things for the future is the Corps Cadet Brigade. There



The Songster Brigade (Leader J. Coups) of the Forest City's parent Corps



# "PILLARS OF THE CORPS"

LOYAL AND ZEALOUS REPRESENTATIVES OF MANY FINE  
SALVATION STALWARTS OF LONDON I CORPS

## "Mother" Ward

This comrade is known throughout the Territory for her remarkable success as a WAR CRY Herald. Even now, although 37 years of age, she displays an energy that is a reproach to many younger comrades. She assumes the responsibility for all the Corps WAR CRYs, and disposes of 250 copies each week, and many times that number of Christmas and Easter issues.

But this is not the only way in which her zeal for the Kingdom finds expression. Our veteran Sister is an

pany, and his example as a fighting Soldier commands the respect of all who know him. Born in Old London, and brought up in The Army, he has passed through all the stages from a mischievous youngster in the Company Meeting to a seasoned member of the Census Board. One of the striking things about him is his versatility in the handling of instruments; he may be seen playing solo cornet in the Open-air, and either G trombone or monstre bass in the indoor meeting.

Shortly after his return from aer-

Although he is well on in years now, he is still surprisingly active, and delights to recall the early days when an Army uniform was likely to attract more brights than bouquets, and the respectable people of London looked askance at these new-fangled military religionists.

His presence and words are a constant source of inspiration to the younger generation in the Corps who are not forgetful that their present privileges are largely the result of the faithfulness of the veterans, while the townspeople have nothing but respect for the man who has been faithful to his convictions for almost half a century.

## THE CORPS LEADERS

Commandant and Mrs. Ellsworth.

It is almost twenty-five years since Henry Ellsworth left his home in the little Newfoundland town of Rocky Harbor to give his life to God as a Salvation Army Officer. They have been fruitful years, filled with zealous service for God and The Army, and marked with many glorious victories for righteousness.

For fourteen years his service was confined to Newfoundland, where the Corps under his command, ranged from the little group of Soldiers in a tiny fishing village to some of the most important Corps in the Sub-Territory, such as Carbonear and Bay Roberts, where he held the position of District Officer.

Transferred to Canada he was attached to the Property Department for a number of months, and then took charge of the Corps at Springhill, N.S., which was followed by several appointments in the Maritime Provinces, after which came Belleville, Ont., and London I, from which Corps he is now retiring.

The Commandant is not of the spectacular variety of Salvationist who attracts a great deal of atten-



London I Troop of Life-Saving Scouts (Scout-Leader J. Vanderheiden)

active member of the League of Mercy, and regularly visits a number of institutions in the city, distributing WAR CRYs and dispensing cheer and encouragement to those in sorrow or pain.

Always on the lookout for an opportunity for service, she only has to hear of a case of illness and she is away to solicit flowers, or fruit, or eggs to carry to the sufferer. At the Easter season this year she collected enough eggs from her friends to carry a supply to each institution in the city.

She has been doing service of this kind ever since she became a Soldier forty years ago. God grant her health and strength to continue her brave and sacrificial service for many more years.

## Sister Mrs. Jarvis

This comrade is another who has given faithful service since the very earliest days of The Army in Canada. She has her reward to-day in the high esteem of her comrades and all who know her for the hardships endured and the devotion displayed during the time when misunderstanding and hardship were the order of the day.

In spite of advancing years she is still a very active Soldier, and delights to have a share in all the Corps activities as far as her strength will permit.

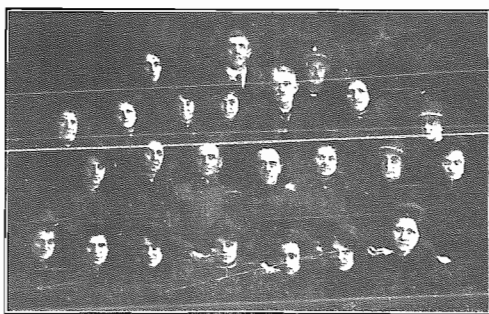
She is an enthusiastic member of the League of Mercy and toils unceasingly in a round of duties connected with this worthy phase of Corps work.

Meetings at jails, hospitals, and various institutions occupy much of her time, while visitation of the sick is her delight because of the opportunities it presents of speaking for the Master.

## Bandmaster Woods

The Bandmaster is a man who is looked up to by his Band in more ways than one. Well over six feet tall, he is conspicuous in any con-

vice overseas, the position of Bandmaster became vacant, and our comrade says that on three consecutive nights he dreamed that someone said to him: "That is your job." This so impressed him that when he was asked a few days later to fill the vacant place he felt it was his duty to do so, and the progress the Band has made since that time has justified the decision.



Young People's Locals and Company Guards of London I

He is not only a keen musician but a fighting Soldier, and no doubt his example has done much to develop the fighting qualities of the Band.

## Brother Jacob Smith

However many claimants there may be for the honor of being the first Soldier in Canada, one thing is sure, it was a genuine "early bird" that was in ahead of Brother Smith. When Captain Jack Addie conducted that historic first Open-air on the Market Square of London, Brother Smith stood by his side and has been standing by the Officer and the Corps ever since.

tion to himself by sensational methods; he rather specializes in work of a solid kind; he has had much experience as a builder, and realizes the value of good foundations, while not neglecting the superstructure.

Our comrade has a worthy helpmate in Mrs. Ellsworth, who came out of Grand Bank in 1907, and served for five years as a school-teacher before entering into a life-partnership with the Commandant. Since that time she has borne her full share of the fighting, and in every Corps has been a means of great help, especially taking an interest in the women who have come within the range of her influence.

who has been true to God and The Army for many years; he has two sons with him in the Band, and his wife is the Y.P. Treasurer; Bandmaster Potter and Judge also have two sons each who are members of the Band.

A form of service in which the Band takes particular delight, and which has been wonderfully blessed of God, is the helping of smaller Corps than their own. A number of such visits have been paid to nearby Corps and always with profit as well as pleasure to all concerned.

## Songsters and Vocal Octette

Not only has the Corps a good Band, but the Songster Brigade is an active and efficient organization. Under Songster-Leader J. Coups, the Brigade renders service that is valuable in the extreme; the Corps Officer speaks of them as "always on hand when wanted, and ready to do anything required of them." They number about thirty voices, well balanced and tuneful.

Another useful vocal organization is the Male Octette, composed of Bandmen Chittenden (Leader), Needham, Andrews, Vanderheiden, Potter, Knighton, Judge, and G. Shepherd, while J. Shepherd is the accompanist.

The singing of these comrades is very much appreciated in the meetings and particularly in Musical events.

## Home League

Under the leadership of Sister Mrs. F. Smith, the Home League is another of the extremely active sections of the Corps. Mrs. Commandant Ellsworth, who has taken an active interest in the League, says it is "a live concern." Its membership of sixty-three is not only an indication of life and vigor, but enables it to undertake a considerable amount of work with successful results.

Not only in the meetings of the League is valuable work accomplish-



Sister Mrs. Ward, a Warrior splendid, of whom No. 1 Corps is justly proud

ed, but needy families are helped with food and clothing. Take a specific case; word was recently brought to the League of a man out of work, and his wife, an expectant mother, unable to provide the clothes and other things needed; a large basket was conspicuous at the next League meeting, and into it were placed little garments, etc., until, when it was carried to the anxious

(Continued on page 12, col. 1)

# Army Activities in Other Lands

*A Review of  
Our World Wide  
Operations*

## THE THUMP OF THE DRUM

Carried a Quarter of a Mile and  
Led a Dying Man to Christ

ONE Thursday night, in Highgate, West Australia, the streets were deserted save for an occasional passer-by. A cold wind made two faithful Salvationist comrades, together with the Officer and his wife, wish for the warm fire-side. But they beat their drum and sang their songs of Salvation, and spoke out the message of hope and deliverance in faith and trust that God would use their humble efforts in some way pleasing to Himself. After half an hour thus faithfully employed they offered fervent prayer and passed on to their homes.

A day or two later a stranger knocked at the door of the Officers' Quarters. Would the Captain kindly call and see J.B., who was lying ill? "Certainly!" replied the Captain, cheerily, and in a few minutes he was standing by the bedside of a dying man.

"Shall I tell the Captain?" he asked, addressing his wife.

"Yes, do, John," was the wife's reply.

"Do you remember, Captain, the night you held your Open-air meeting down at the corner, a full quarter of a mile away? The window was up a little. I could just hear the thump, thump, thump of the drum, and a sound like an old man's voice. It made me think, and I began to pray. Right on until two o'clock in the morning did I pray, when God spoke peace to my soul, and now, Captain, I want to thank you and The Army for my Salvation."

The man lingered for nearly a fortnight, but said repeatedly: "I thank God for this illness; it has put me where God used The Army to awaken me to my need of forgiveness. But for it I should still be in different and Christless!"

This incident is one among many that should encourage Salvationists who are tempted to think there is no use carrying on when there are few signs of any interest being taken in their message.

## A CANADA EAST OFFICER

Sends Interesting News Items  
From Calcutta

Writing to Colonel Noble, Captain Walter Powell, late of Canada East and now of Calcutta, sends the photograph, reproduced on this page, of the Staff Band attached to Territorial Headquarters there. From his accompanying letter we call the following:

"The Officer first on the left in the back row of the photograph is Captain Russell, whom you will remember hails from Guelph. He has responsibility for the Band, and is a good player himself on the cornet. The others are Officers and Officers' sons. Soldiering at the various Corps in Calcutta. The Band renders very useful service in and around the city.

"There is a great scope for the extension of The Army here. The villages of Bengal have hardly been touched and the prospects of soul-saving are limitless.

"Tomorrow the Staff-Captain and I go to a village Corps by train and boat; we shall hold meetings, and the Staff-Captain will conduct an inspection. We shall sail over fields and boundaries in a dugout—a hollowed out tree trunk."

## BACK FROM THE DEAD

REMARKABLE RESTORATION OF A MAN AT CASTLEMAINE,  
AUSTRALIA, IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

A MOST remarkable thing happened at Castlemaine a few weeks back. A request came to the Officers' Quarters that the Captain should visit a man who was declared to be dying with cancer in the stomach.

After a conversation with the man it was found that he was at one time, about twenty years ago, a Salvationist. Now he lay helpless, with the hand of death waiting to seize him. He bewailed his many years of wasted life.

Prayer was offered for his con-

for about twenty minutes. The nurse stepped forward and felt for his pulse, but found none, and declared him to be dead, asking the Sergeant-Major to take down the door on which to lay him out.

He then revived, and made a motion as though he would write down something. Pencil and paper were brought, and he wrote, "God has said, 'Not yet!'"

Reading this the Officer, who is a strong believer in the possibility of raising the sick by prayer and faith, asked if anyone present in the room



The Calcutta Staff Band. Two Canada East Officers appear in this group, Captain Russell (extreme left of the top row) who hails from Guelph, and Captain Walter Powell (seated in the middle)

version, and he claimed Salvation. One of the first things he did was to dispense with smoking after having been in the habit of consuming six packets of cigarettes a day. He burnt his last packet instead of smoking it.

The poor fellow grew weaker, and his relatives were sent for. Present in the room were the nurse, the man's mother, the Sergeant-Major of the Corps, a sister from Sandringham, and the Officers, Captain and Mrs. Sinclair.

At 10.30 p.m. he inquired that he was getting worse. He said, "The cold waters of death are creeping up my legs. Higher and higher they come, but Christ is with me, and He is saying, 'Fear not, for I will never leave thee.' I am now standing knee-deep; but I have no fear, for I have my hand in His. Hark! I hear the Heavenly music, and I see my Saviour standing there. How beautiful He looks! Who are these coming to welcome me? There is Mrs. Sinclair, and dear old Mrs. —" (late Soldiers of Castlemaine, one being the Sergeant-Major's mother, who had passed away some years ago).

Then a wonderful description was given of the Great White Throne and the hosts of angels around it.

Afterwards the sick man began to be very still and quiet. He lay thus

doubted the power of Christ to raise the man up. If they did, would they kindly leave the room.

No one left. "Then," said the Captain, "if we all have faith, let us kneel and plead with God." All knelt and prayed, including the nurse.

Approaching the bed the Officer laid hands on the sick man and repeated the two verses from the Epistle of James: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him; anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up. Following this the Captain offered a short prayer for the man's recovery.

Immediately the man sat up and spoke, requesting those around the bed to sing, "Lead, Kindly Light." Then he conversed and gave those present the assurance in the name of Christ that soon he would come to the Hall and give his testimony.

Definitely he began to amend, and later got up. Then he ventured out a little, and one Sunday went, as he promised, to the Hall, making a full surrender of his life and desiring to be sworn-in as a Soldier.

Confirming the foregoing account given by Captain Sinclair is the testimony of Sergeant-Major Hughes, who, as above stated, was present at

## INTERNATIONAL PARS

Several Bandmen of Fielding Corps, New Zealand, recently journeyed fourteen miles to play and pray with a bed-ridden man. A young man cycled seventeen miles into Te Anau to seek Salvation at The Army Hall. He was not disappointed.

The Army has recently opened a Home for Men in Reichenberg, an important trading and manufacturing centre in Czechoslovakia.

Salvation Army Prison Work in Holland is unique. Our Officers have a peculiar status. Specified officers are assigned to work among prisoners by the Government, and many of these have master keys, permitting them to pass from cell to cell at pleasure. More than 1,100 ex-prisoners are now in care of The Army in Holland.

A sailor, on his way home on leave and aboard one of our Officers, was knelt in an Army Hostel and cried in penitence. "If Salvation is necessary for my soul, it's necessary for me. I'm going home saved this time."

When disastrous fires took place at Kanazawa and Otsu, destroying hundreds of houses and rendering thousands of people homeless, many officers stationed in these cities provided immediate relief, to the satisfaction of the people concerned as well as the Japanese local authorities.

On the way to the Corps Meeting in Osaka, Japan, Major Bygones, the Field Secretary, noticed in the window of a tailor's shop a large advertisement of one of Lt. Commander Yamaguchi's engagements. On inquiry he learned that the tailor was a convert of General's campaign, who had since developed into a most enthusiastic Salvationist.

An awakening at Halsepaw, Ceylon, resulted in seventy-seven persons being converted in one week.

Commissioner Gifford (Western Territory, U.S.A.) recently delivered an Army building for work among the Japanese in Sacramento. There was a large crowd in attendance, among them many prominent Japanese of the Sacramento Valley, including three editors of papers. The Japanese Vice-Consul journeyed all the way from San Francisco to attend this function.

A special feature in connection with the work in Iceland is the post-office made for seamen at the various Corps. Most of The Army's Hall possess a small saloon or guest room where fishermen and travelers gladly avail themselves of the facilities afforded. One is situated at a greatly-appreciated Kaitide Home—the only institution of its kind in the country.

Sir Francis Acheson recently visited The Army's "Chen Chien (Kong) Club" in the Territory. He was accompanied by a large number of Chinese. There are seven of these kind of clubs in the city, some five thousand members being distributed there. More than a hundred adult suits have been given to the poor.

Sweden has 1,200 Corps Cadets. There are more than 2,000 Company Guards in the Territory. Two hundred are young people for the young people.

The Latvian WAR CRY is now sold at all the kiosks in Riga.

The New York Bible Society has donated 5,000 copies of the four Gospels for the Cadets of the present Session of Training to distribute in their home-to-home visitation.

There are over 1,550 Bright's Day Lent members in San Quentin Penitentiary.

Among the children at the Bandmen Corps, Java, is a young crown prince of a native state in Borneo. He is studying under an English tutor in Bandung, and plays the piano for the Young People's meetings.

the hospital, and who adds: "When I went with THE WAR CRY on brother was walking around the yard attending to several things. He has been visiting different friends, and his one desire now is to follow the Master."

## A SERGEANT-MAJOR'S LIFE STORY

Attracted by Army Band, He  
Became a Salvationist After Many  
Wanderings

Sergeant-Major Fred Finch, of the Ottawa I Corps, thus relates his life story.

One Sunday evening as I was walking through the streets of Birmingham, England, I was attracted by the playing of a Salvation Army Band. Following them to the Citadel, I walked in, and took in the service. Near the close I was invited to the penitential-form, and after a short hesitation I went forward. I was invited to come again, and going back I found it was the Birmingham No. 1 Citadel, and the tune the Band was playing was "His Blood can make the vilest clean." This was in the year 1903, about February 8th.

Three days later I enlisted in the British Army for seven years' service, I left England for Fermoyn. In Ireland, one week later, No Salvation Army was there, so I drifted away from God. Eighteen months passed away and then one day an old man stopped me and asked me for help. "Why, I have only got threepence." If that is any good to you, you can have it," he said. "Oh, thank you very much, I will pray for you."

### Words Sank Deep

I was glad I was able to bring a smile to the old man's face, but his last words sank very deep in my heart. Through the night I could not sleep, and in my despair I cried to God for mercy, and promised Him if He would get me to my home in Canada I would be a faithful Soldier of the Salvation Army. My parents had moved from England to Canada during my service in Ireland.

To my great surprise my mother sent me £21 (\$105) to purchase my discharge. I soon made inquiries as to my discharge and, Colonel Bush, my regimental commander, soon arranged the matter. I was serving in the 2nd Battalion Durham Light Infantry, at Fermoyn.

To my regret, I soon forgot my promise to God. Very shortly I was on my way to Canada, and after arriving it seemed as though things were against me, as work was very hard to get. I finally got work at a brewery, and worked up to a good position.

I paid for my success, however, by becoming a drunkard. My boss threatened to fire me on many occasions, but one day, he sent for me and told me I was very clean about my work, which is very essential in breweries, and he said, "I am going to give you a substantial raise in pay if you will sign this contract with us for a number of years." I asked him to give me till the following Monday to consider the matter. This he agreed to.

### Invited to The Army

On Sunday my Salvationist brother, W. C. Finch, now lying in Flanders Fields, invited me to The Army. I accepted his invitation and, thank God, I again knelt at the penitential-form at Ottawa I Corps. I explained to the Officer about my work and he said "You will have to quit the brewing trade." I explained to him that it was near Christmas, and that work was hard to get at this time, but he still advised me to quit and trust God. This I did. My boss felt bad at my joining The Army, but I told me the Officer about my time I got tired of it. Within one week of my quitting the brewery Corps Sergeant-Major Webber succeeded in placing me in the Ottawa Hydro Electric Commission, where I am still employed.

I was only converted a short while before I was made drummer at the Corps. After a year or so I was given a brass instrument, and later made Band Secretary. This position I held until I left for overseas service. Returning in May, 1919, I was

# In The Land of Lilies

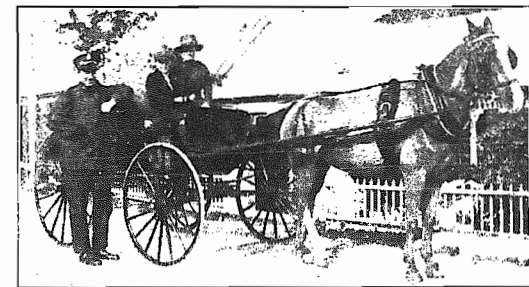
Commandant Gillingham Tells of His Three Years' Service in the Bermuda Islands—The Salvation Army is Incorporated—Hurricane Damage Repaired—Splendid Spiritual Advances

WHEN Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham went to Bermuda, as District Officers, they expressed themselves concerning that appointment as "hopeful and determined"; now on returning to Canada, after three years in the Land of Lilies, they are able to testify that hopefulness and determination have enabled them to win some splendid victories for God and The Army.

In a brief article like this it is only possible to mention the most out-

standing things that have been accomplished during their stay.

During the first year a great deal of time and thought was devoted to getting the House of Parliament to pass an act by which "The Salvation Army Corporation of Bermuda" became a legal entity with power to administer property and transact other Army business. This important piece of legislation had been under consideration for years, and greatly enhances The Army's prestige in the Islands.



Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham on their visitation rounds

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The next big undertaking was the purchase of an Officers' Quarters at Hamilton. So wholeheartedly was this project taken up that the Corps now has a comfortable Quarters, beautifully situated, and entirely paid for.

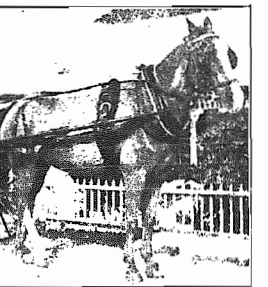
On October 22nd, 1926, Bermuda was visited by a disastrous hurricane, which damaged the Citadel at Hamilton so badly that it was feared the whole building would have to be torn down. But with care and skillful workmen it was found possible to avoid this. But even so the building had to be largely reconstructed, and an entire new front built, at a cost of about \$7,000.

Territorial Headquarters helped considerably with this, and the business men came to the Commandant's help with a campaign, which was so successful that the entire undertaking was paid for in full.

While all phases of Army work are important, the Commandant feels that the advances made in the spiritual work are the most important.

In this connection it is good to be able to report that a new Corps has been opened at Flatts, where Lieutenant Moffatt has enrolled several Soldiers, and a flourishing Young People's Work is in progress, including a brand new Troop of Scouts.

The Young People's Work has also made splendid advances. The Rolls for the District have increased fifty per cent., the Corps Cadet member-



Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham on their visitation rounds

ship has been doubled, two Candidates have been sent to the West Indies Training Garrison, a Troop of Lifesaving Guards, thirty strong, has been organized at Hamilton, and the whole outlook is most encouraging.

During the Commandant's term of office Bermuda enjoyed visits from Colonel Powley and Brigadier Taylor, also Colonel Henry and Lt-Colonel Jennings, while Major and Mrs. Kendall conducted a seven weeks'

campaign with very blessed results. Both Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham are very desirous that the WAR CRY should express their appreciation of the kindness shown them by the people of Bermuda of all walks of life, from the highest civil and military authorities to those in the humblest position; also of the splendid service rendered by the Officers who shared with them the burden and heat of the day.

The WAR CRY is always on the look out for a good Salvation story, and the Commandant was able to tell of two incidents which show how God blesses our efforts when we do our duty and leave the results with Him. A woman, in England, forsook her husband and was living a life of sin in Bermuda. As she listened to an Open-air one night, conviction seized her, and she determined to get right with God. She abandoned her evil companions and returned to England, where she applied to International Headquarters for help to find her husband. The Army found he had gone to Australia, but he was found, a reconciliation was effected, and they are living godly lives together now. The comrades in that Open-air knew nothing of all this until a letter from England told them the above story months later.

One day a well-dressed man stopped the Commandant on the street. "You don't know me, do you?" he asked. Receiving a reply in the negative, he continued: "Well, I have never spoken to you before, but I was in the Hamilton Jail, and you always left me a WAR CRY. Through reading them I was led to abandon my evil ways. I am leaving for the United States to-morrow where I intend to live a godly life. This has come about through reading the WAR CRY, and I felt you should know about it."

Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham have now been appointed to the command of the East Toronto Corps.

## FAITH PUT TO TEST

How Commandant Davis Proved That the Lord Provides For His People in Time of Need

Commandant George Davis, who has just been promoted to that rank, is an Officer of seventeen years service, all of which has been on the Field. He now has command of West Toronto Corps.

Born near Oxford, in the Old Land, he has spent most of his life in Canada. It was in Sydney, N.S., that he was converted and soldiered for almost three years before the call to Officership reached him. When he was convinced that this was God's way for him he was willing enough to obey, but the Training Garrison was a long way off, and there were many things needed, and money was none too plentiful.

But he believed if God wanted him the way would be opened, so in simple faith he went on with the arrangements. But his faith was to be put to the test, so when he farewelled on Sunday night he did not have his fare to Toronto. Still he left it with God and trusted, and on Monday morning a young fellow whom he had shown kindness came to bid him goodbye, and when he shook hands left a twenty dollar bill in the Captain's palm. So Toronto was reached and training days begun with a deep sense of God's care upon him.

With his commission as Lieutenant came the appointment to Uxbridge to assist Captain Mitchell who later saw missionary service in India and is now Divisional Officer at Honolulu.

In 1915 our comrade was married to Captain Smyth, of Halifax N.S., and ever since has commanded Corps in the Maritime Provinces until a few months ago, when they were transferred from Charlottetown, P.E.I., to West Toronto.

## BROTHER PETER SUMMER- TON,

MONTREAL II

Peter Summerston was born in Newfoundland, later going to the United States, where he spent his substance in drink and other sinful pleasures. His conduct was such that the proprietor told him "never to enter his house again." This remark caused him to see himself in a true light. Memories of childhood



Commandant and Mrs. Davis

days, mother, and home, came back to him, and he resolved to seek a higher and holier life.

He went to a Salvation Army meeting in the United States, and there was born again, finding the Saviour who delivers from all sin.

For forty years he served God faithfully in the land of his second birth, and is now a Soldier of Montreal II, being number one on the Roll.

While Staff-Captain Anderson, of South Africa, was waiting for a train recently, he was accosted by a native, suffering from toothache. Luckily, the Staff-Captain had his instruments with him and quickly extracted the troublesome molar.



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ada for twelve months for the sum of  
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be addressed to the Editor.

## TERRITORIAL PARS

Colonel Taylor, the Field Secretary, has  
been requested to go to Elmlynde during  
his forthcoming visit to Milland on  
November 12th and 13th, to officiate at  
the unveiling of a Memorial Tablet to  
the promoted warrior, Major Magnus  
Andrew, whose home was located there.  
The officials of the church, which is at-  
tended by the late Major's relatives,  
have made the request.

Mrs. Brigadier Whitley was recently  
called into a neighbor's house to pray  
with a woman who was dying. Feeling  
that she was soon going to pass over  
Death's river, the woman asked a rela-  
tive in the room to offer a prayer. "I  
cannot," was the reply, "but The Salva-  
tion Army woman across the street will  
pray with you." Thus Mrs. Whitley was  
given the opportunity of praying with  
this soul in distress, who passed away  
shortly afterwards professing faith in  
Christ.

Commandant Major has been appoint-  
ed to Hamilton Industrial Department.

Danforth Band was recently requested  
by the civic authorities to participate at  
the stone-laying of the new Hospital  
which is being erected to serve the  
eastern section of Toronto.

Adjutant and Mrs. Rix, Fenelon Falls,  
have welcomed a daughter into their  
home.

Band-Sergeant Ralph Gould, of River-  
dale Corps, passed away in the Toronto  
General Hospital on Sunday last fol-  
lowing a serious operation. To the  
bereaved wife, father and other rela-  
tives, we extend our deepest sympathy.  
An account of the funeral service will  
appear in our next issue.

It should be noted that the new  
edition of "Helps to Holiness," which is  
commanding such a wide sale, is priced  
at 15c. less postage, which is an ad-  
ditional 3c.

The Trade Department now has a  
(Continued at foot of column 4)

# THE GENERAL'S MOTOR CAMPAIGN

A BIT OF ENGLAND SWEEPED WITH SALVATION—OUR LEADER'S SPIRITUAL BIRTHPLACE  
—IMPRESSIVE WAYSIDE GATHERING—ONE HUNDRED SOULS AT THE MERCY-SEAT

THE GENERAL'S latest Motor  
Campaign, brought about as a  
result of a promise during a  
similar effort, cannot be valued by  
ordinary time measurements. It has  
been a condensed, determined gesture  
of Salvation enterprise which stands  
in a category by itself. Throughout  
the whole of the memorable week-  
end as we rushed "from shire to  
shire, by bridge and spire" for the  
glory of God and the Salvation of  
the people, in point of blessing and  
achievement the moments were as  
hours, and the hours as days, and  
the week-end a month in itself!

### A "Memorable Benediction"

Dusk had fallen and the lights  
were twinkling when, on Saturday  
night, the General arrived within the  
vicinity of the noble-looking Town  
Hall at Walsall, beflagged and illu-  
minated with electrical glow lamps in  
red, yellow, and blue. His Worship  
the Mayor (Councillor A. Leckie) in  
his robes and chains of office, at-  
tended by the mace-bearers and sup-  
ported by a considerable company of  
the leading citizens of Walsall,  
waited to receive from the General  
what the Lady Mayoress later de-  
scribed as a "memorable benediction."

The public reception took place on a  
In his welcome address the Mayor  
recalled that twenty-two years be-  
fore Walsall had the honor of giving  
the Founder a civic reception. The  
people of Walsall recognized the  
wonderful work The Army had ac-  
complished throughout the world.

The General replied in felicitous  
terms. Amidst many changes during  
a life of arduous service he had al-  
ways blessed memories of Walsall.  
It had a sweet place in his heart be-  
cause of the gracious work done in  
his heart when a boy in Walsall, at  
a time when his beloved parents  
were conducting meetings in the  
town.

"I was not born in Walsall," he  
said, "but I was born again here. I  
am not a Freeman of your ancient  
borough, but it was here that I re-  
ceived the freedom of the Kingdom  
of God."

Thirteen hundred people greeted  
the General in the main hall later,  
and thirty penitents knelt at the  
mercy-seat.

Very blessed and happy were many  
of the mercy-seat scenes, as for ex-  
ample when a father and mother and

daughter came with their broken  
hearts to Jesus. Moving scenes were  
witnessed when the General set off  
late at night for Birmingham after  
having himself dealt searchingly  
with would-be seekers after Salva-  
tion, notably certain sufferers from  
the curse of strong drink.

From the moment the General  
entered the famous Birmingham  
Citadel this (Sunday) morning he  
was conscious of the Holy Spirit's  
presence and influence. The most  
serious attention was given to the  
General's heart-gripping appeal to  
the young men and women present  
to dedicate their lives to whelp and  
fuller service under the Blood-and-  
Fire Flag. Among the fifty who  
came forward were several volun-  
teers for Officership.

The town of Tamworth was reach-  
ed to schedule, and in the presence  
of a large crowd of town-folk and a  
well-mustered of the local Band and  
Corps the General was accorded a  
very hearty reception by Councillor  
Leedham, the Mayor-elect. His reply  
was couched in terms of thankgiving  
to God for His abounding mercy.

Staff-Captain Wycliffe Booth esti-  
mated that there were 2,500 people  
awaiting the General on the Market  
Place at Burton-on-Trent, and this  
may be taken as a moderate com-  
putation. It was unbeaten for hearti-  
ness and warmth at any point of the  
campaign. The General was not per-  
mitted to pass without a civic recep-  
tion, and His Worship the Mayor  
(Councillor A. Elliot, J. P.), together  
with the Mayoress and other leading  
citizens, were most sincere and  
hearty in their greetings. As the  
cars moved out, and long lines of  
enthusiastic citizens greeted the  
General on his way, the waving was  
not one whit the less hearty because  
the General had had the courage to  
express himself clearly on the drink  
question.

### Warm-Hearted Resolution

At Ripley the General got another  
hearty welcome. A particularly  
warm-hearted resolution was read, in  
which high praise was accorded to  
The Army's world-wide operations  
and hearty thanks were expressed  
for the General's visit. This was a  
thoroughly English scene, with the  
old church tower and its flag domi-  
nating the Market Place. How intent-  
ly that large and eager crowd drank

in the words which fell from the  
General's lips.

The sun had set when the last  
phase of the campaign was entered  
upon. Many comrades had prayed  
that the General might have  
"journeying mercies," and the  
prayers were abundantly answered.  
The lights of Sutton-in-Ashfield were  
no sooner seen than the strains of  
"I believe we shall win" could be  
heard, and in an astonishing short  
space of time the General was among  
some thirteen hundred people in the  
densely-crowded Queen's Palace,  
where a number of Councillors were  
in the balcony sharing the happiness  
of the occasion.

### A Glorious Prayer Meeting

There was a lot of "bayonet work"  
in the Prayer meeting, and so active  
were the "fishers to fish" that we  
fear the record of the catch was left  
somewhat in doubt. Suffice it to say  
that it was a glorious Prayer meet-  
ing fought to a finish, in which, so  
far as is known, about a score of  
noteworthy penitents came to the  
mercy-seat, some of them particu-  
larly striking cases, as, for example, a  
well-set-up grey-bearded, and resolu-  
te-looking man who was helped  
weeping to the penitent-form. This  
capture had been converted for up-  
wards of fifty years and he having  
neglected to pray, had found the  
odds too great against him and had  
fallen from grace. There was also  
the case of the unhappy man who  
has to face the prospect of going to  
prison in two weeks' time.

Summed up, this, the General's  
latest campaign, "snatched," so to  
speak, from amid the pressure of  
weighty cares and burdens, has been  
in an outstanding sense inspiring  
and wholesome in its influence, es-  
pecially upon Salvationists.—Wm.  
Nicholson, Lt.-Colonel.

(Continued from column 1)

large and interesting stock of Award  
Books on display. Catalogues will short-  
ly be sent to all Corps.

Special Winter-weight overcoats for  
women are being offered by the Trade  
Department at a low price.

A recent issue of the Toronto "Even-  
ing Telegram" recorded the fact that  
eight births had taken place in Toronto  
on a certain date. It was gratifying to  
note that five of these little strangers  
first saw daylight under the hospitable  
roof of our Bloor Street Hospital.



LT.-COMMISSIONER AND MRS. MAXWELL, THE CHIEF SECRETARY AND MRS. HENRY, AND LT.-COMMISSIONER AND



# A BIGGER AND BETTER SALVATION ARMY

## OUR TERRITORIAL LEADER

### Calls the Canada East Forces to Engage in a Progressive Campaign

My Dear Comrades:

The 45th Anniversary of the advent of The Salvation Army to Canada has been suitably and triumphantly celebrated in Toronto. To all the Officers, Local Officers, Soldiers and Young People who contributed to make the Congress the splendid success it was, I extend my warmest thanks.

For the well-attended meetings, the penitent-form results and consecrations at the mercy-seat, I praise God from the depths of my heart. The name of the Lord be praised forever!

My soul was cheered over and over again by the manifestations of wholehearted enthusiasm of Bandsmen, Songsters, and comrades of all ranks, not only at the Pageant and the Musical Festival, but in the Prayer meetings at the Massey Hall and at the Pantages Theatre. The Battle for Souls was well fought and won.

There is no doubt about the influence and inspiration of the Congress gatherings. Many of our comrades are testifying to the blessings received and of their determination to do something "Bigger and Better" for God, for souls, for their Corps and for their own personal experience. Already this is being expressed in aggressive efforts in the Open-air fighting and other Corps activities.

In a few weeks the Winter will be here. Let us be ready to grasp the opportunities that it will bring. I call you to a

#### BIGGER AND BETTER CAMPAIGN.

In order to be progressive we must be aggressive. To be aggressive means to fight and overcome.

If we are to make progress we must overcome ease, self-

indulgence, that stay-at-home feeling, neglect of prayer, and that un-readiness to take part energetically in the Campaign. If we are to progress we must be "Ready for anything." That will help to bring about the Restoration of backsliders and the Salvation of sinners.

I am looking forward to a Winter of victory in every Corps. More Souls, more Soldiers, more Candidates, more Corps Cadets and more Junior Soldiers, as well as an advance in the Life-Saving Scout and Guard Movement.

During November we shall conduct Half-Night of Prayer meetings at various centres.

Look out for the dates of the Winter Campaign for Seniors and Young People and let me call on all to join with me in a determined, aggressive effort to make this progressive Campaign the Bigger and Better in result than ever yet experienced in the history of the Territory. May we live and fight in the spirit of:

"All my days and all my hours,  
All my will and all my powers,  
All the passion of my soul,  
Not a fragment, but the whole,  
Shall be Thine, dear Lord,  
Shall be Thine, dear Lord."

God bless you!

Yours affectionately,

*William Maxwell*

Lt.-Commissioner.

#### CANADA WEST CONGRESS

Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich Lead Brilliant Series of Gatherings in Winnipeg—Splendid Crowds and Over One Hundred Seekers

(By Wire)

The Forty-Fifth Annual Congress at Winnipeg is concluding in a blaze of glory as we write. The non-arrival of the Chief of the Staff, whilst a great disappointment, served as a spiritual impetus, impelling Officers and Soldiers to call on God for special blessing. There was a special outburst of affection for our own Leaders, Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich.

Mighty meetings resulted, and the wonderful record of recent Congresses was fully maintained. Reviews of phases of all sides of The

Army's activities in the Territory inspired Officers and Soldiers to further effort in our grand cause.

The public parades impressed the people of Winnipeg. Old time songs and messages were in the city air throughout Congress days. The public gatherings were full of fire and fervor. Attendances were fully up to the mark of other years, and in some respects there was an advance noted.

Until a late hour on Sunday night a battle for souls was waged in the Capitol Theatre.

Representative citizens and statesmen supported His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, Theodore A. Burrows, who presided over the afternoon gathering. The Territorial Commander delivered a thrilling lecture, entitled, "Winning in the West." A splendid tribute was paid by the Lieut.-Governor to the

Founder, the General and Mrs. Booth, the Chief of the Staff, and the world-wide Army.

The Missionary Demonstration on Monday night was an unqualified success. Representations of The Army's work in Missionary Lands, and lantern slides depicting Canada West's contribution to work amongst the heathen were enthusiastically received, testifying to the fact that the missionary enthusiasm of Salvationists of the West is unabated.

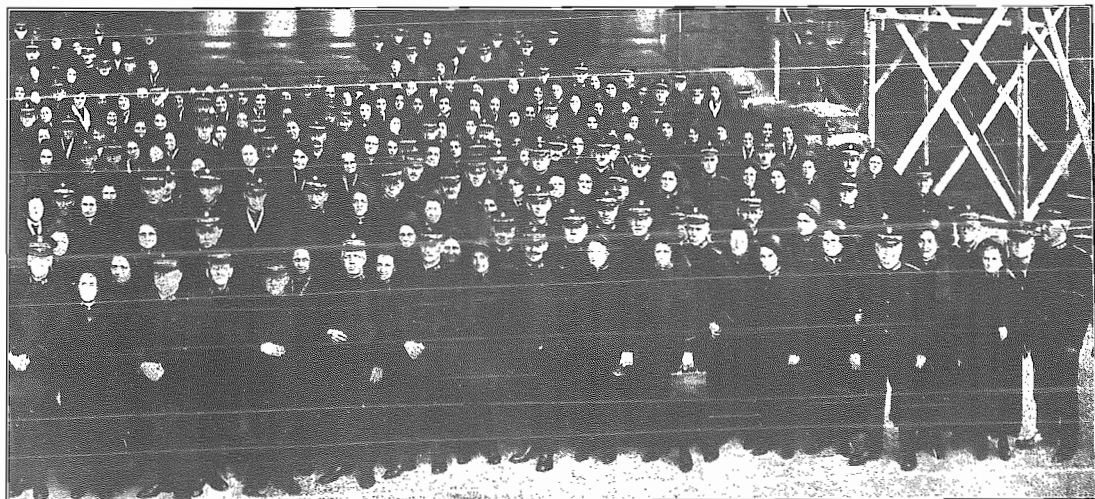
At the conclusion of this striking gathering the comrades pledged loyalty to the General and to The Army again and again—a finale to this victorious Congress that was stirring in the extreme.

The total number of seekers during the Congress was over one hundred. To God be the Glory!—E. Joy, Lt.-Colonel.

#### UNITED HOLINESS MEETINGS

The United Holiness Meetings for Toronto West Division will be held at Earlscourt Citadel during the month of November. Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell are scheduled to conduct the inaugural meeting of the Series on Friday, November 4th.

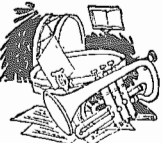
These united meetings, which are held at various centres throughout the Territory during the Fall and Winter months, have been the means of incalculable spiritual illumination and blessing in past years. Through the instrumentality of these gatherings, lives which have been barren have become fruitful in service and influence. Let us pray that the coming Series will be the occasions of gracious outpourings of the Spirit.



MRS. HOE, WITH THE OFFICER DELEGATES TO THE FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL TERRITORIAL CONGRESS AT TORONTO



# Our Musical Fraternity



## What Army Bandsmanship Means To Me

By Bandsman Eric G. Broad, B.Sc.

### BAND AND BRIGADE CHAT

The Earlscourt Songster Brigade is going ahead under its new leader, Songster-Leader Hugh McGregor, who is well-known in Songster circles as the composer of a number of pieces in the "Musical Salvationist."

A series of "National" meetings has been arranged by this Brigade for November and December, in connection with the Brigade's "Popular Saturday Nights." These will be held on the first and third Saturdays of the month. Scotch night is held for November 24, when Brother W. Phibbs will be heard in concertina numbers. Scotch comrades doubtless will be present in force to hear the melodies of the "Land of the Heather." "Mon, but it'll be a grand night!"

A T.H.Q. Officer tells us that he was interested to see Bandsman Delamont, of the West Toronto Band, on a recent evening helping the smaller Band of North Toronto in connection with a little serenading work done in connection with the Harvest Festival Effort. It is also of interest to note that the Bandsman is interesting himself in the North Toronto Band practice.

Bandsman Broad, the writer of the article on this page, is the son of a Band Correspondent, Broad, of Enfield, and is a member of the Plumstead (London) Band.

Prayer is requested for Bandsman W. Maslan, of Lindsay, who has been badly burned with gasoline.

### Toronto Temple's Congress Musical

The Congress Festival, presented by the Temple Band and Songsters, on Wednesday, October 19th, was an interesting event, especially in view of the presence, as chairman, of Lieutenant W. M. Murdoch, Director of Music, 2nd Toronto Regiment. Lieutenant Murdoch, in his remarks, stated that it was always a pleasure to be where bands were, but more especially Army Bands. Supporting the visitor were Major Church, who opened the Festival in prayer, Commandant Riches, and Adjutant Coles.

The program provided the variety and revealed something of the splendid talent which the Temple Corps possess. The Band, under Bandsman Hangan, was in fine fettle and gave an excellent rendering of several choice selections, among which was "Over Jordan," which might well be considered as among the gems of Army compositions. Additional interest was occasioned by the fact that the composer of this selection—Adjutant Bramwell Coles—handled the baton, and piloted the Band admirably. The Adjutant also led the Band in another of his popular compositions, "In the Firing Line," of which a spirited interpretation was given.

The Songsters, under Leader F. Jones, (Continued at foot of col. 3)

IT HAS been suggested that there is a touch of vanity in all human beings; we like to think that we do our work only from the highest and purest motives, whereas often we have a mixture of motives. Army Bandsmanship means many things to me, some more important than others, but I shall try to touch on all.

I mention first what, for want of a better name, I have termed the atmosphere of a Band—the idea of belonging to a Band at all, the uniform, the marching, and so on. I was only fourteen when, during the War, I first came into an Army Band, and the above-mentioned things were, perhaps, the chief attraction then. You cannot put an old head on young shoulders, and you cannot perhaps expect every boy to be interested only in soul-saving.

Then there is the music of the Band. Music, broadly speaking, seems to be the universal form of art; poetry and painting have their special devotees, but music appeals to nearly all. What wonderful emotions music stirs within us which we cannot, even if we desired, express in words, but which make us determined to strive after the highest things. Army music especially appeals to me because it is religious.

### Something Which Gets Home

Think of the songs we play and sing; judged by an absolute standard the music may not always be of the very best, and the words are sometimes far from making good poetry, but there is something in the combination of words and music which gets right home to us—which "finds" us. I suppose it is because we are playing and singing about the things that matter most to us, and we put our deepest emotions into them.

Of course, as Bandmen, we are often called upon for duties which we do not regard as among our chief pleasures. Take, for example, Christmas playing; number one on number one sheet, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing"; a lady sends a donation, and would we please play a carol! However, it has proved possible to obtain considerable fun and joy from Christmas playing, especially very

late Christmas-eve, or very, very early Christmas morning—I can smell those suppers even now!

Another thing which appeals very much to me is the comradeship of an Army Band; it means something, yea much, to mix often with a number of men living decent lives, and engaged in a common service for humanity. What a great deal I could say about the spirit of an Army Band; but then I come from Plumstead and need say no more, I have proved also that it does not take long for an Army Bandsman to make himself at home in another Band.

### Direct Contact

Most important of all are the opportunities which the Band gives for other service than that of actual playing. How many of us were first led to pray or speak in public because we belong to the Band! What a fine thing is our Open-air work, enabling us to take music, and not only music but the message of hope, to the poorest of the poor. I like Open-air work because it gives us direct contact with the people, too few of whom can be induced to enter our Halls, and I think that I would sooner lead an Open-air meeting than do any other Salvation Army service.

I hope we shall all realize more than ever not only the privilege but the responsibilities of Army Bandsmanship. "We will roll the Old Chariot along, and the Bandmen 'won't drag on behind!'"

(Continued from column 1)  
acquitted themselves with distinction, under Staff-Captain Kitchen's "Jesus, the very thought of Thee," as well as "Army Melodians."

Several individual items were interspersed in the program, each of which was rendered effectively and provided pleasure. At the conclusion of the program, Commandant Riches proposed a hearty vote of thanks to all who had participated. To this, Lieutenant Murdoch responded cordially, paying very high tribute to the Band's efficiency. Bandsman Hangan, who is an old acquaintance of the chairman, expressed thanks for the appreciative and very encouraging remarks made concerning the Band. Major Bristow offered prayer in closing.—J.W.

### Annual Congress Festival at Dovercourt

Attended by a capacity audience, which included quite a number of Congress visitors, Dovercourt Band presented its annual Congress Festival on Wednesday, October 19th, with Colonel Gaskin presiding in genial manner.

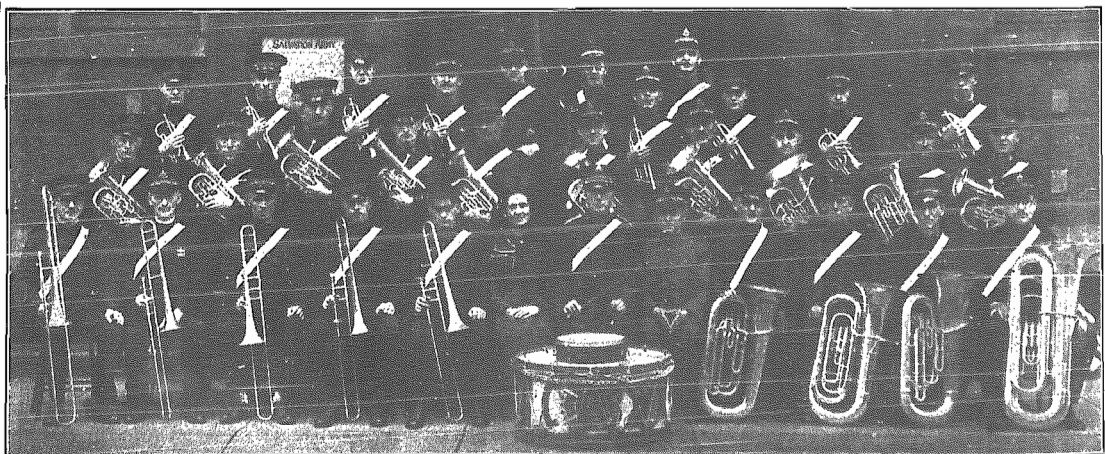
After Commandant Laing, the Corps Officer, had conducted the opening exercises, Lieut.-Colonel G. Atwell, the Printing Secretary, rose to present the chairman of the evening. His reference to incidents associated with Canadian service of another band, marked with humor and served to illustrate the remarkable progress made in our work in this country since the days of the aforementioned incidents.

Colonel Gaskin was given a thoroughly warm welcome. After expressing the immense delight Mrs. Gaskin and he felt at being present, he spoke informatively from extensive travel experience, concerning banding in other lands, and particularly the Antipodes.

The program was excellently prepared, and rendered in capable manner. The Band, under Bandsman Pearce, played the marches "Fighting for the Lord" and "Fire Away," selection, "The Army Spirit," Bible Pictures "Paul and Silas" and the Meditation "Nearer to Thee." In addition, the individual items were of real merit and drew unstinted applause. Deputy-Bandsman J. Collins, Bandsman Bell and Gare rendered highly acceptable instrumental items, Songster Leader Whitehouse and Brother L. Watson rendered a duet, and Bandsman Melthiey soloed. An instrumental quartette and Trombone duo were also excellent items. In spirit and performance, this evening may be adjudged unmitigatedly successful.—C.M.

### Windsor Crosses the Line

Windsor Citadel Band, under the leadership of Bandsmaster George Chubb, and accompanied by Major Bristow, visited Pontiac, Michigan, U.S.A., for a recent week-end. The Band arrived on Saturday afternoon, and up till late on Sunday evening was hard at it. The programs on Saturday and again on Sunday afternoon were well received. The Band selections were interspersed by other items, including "Jesus is Strong to Follow," by Bandsmaster Williams. The playing of "I love Him better every day," by Bandsman Bert Johnson, to a very large crowd in the Tabernacle, was enjoyed by all present. On Sunday night the Band played "Angels" and the instrumental quartette gave an effective item. After the meeting the Band played over the radio, "Sun of my soul," and a cornet solo was given by Bandsman Johnson. We had the joy of seeing seven souls accept Christ as their Saviour. Sergeant-Major Walter Davis, of Windsor, and Band-Sergeant Geo. Vaisey led the Open-air and large crowds attended the meetings. To Band Secretary F. Camper and Adjutant Alder, of Pontiac, credit is due for the splendid arrangements made.



London I Band (Bandmaster Woods)—a "first things first" combination.

(See page 4)



# The SALVATION WAR IN NEWFOUNDLAND



SUB-TERRITORIAL COMMANDER—LIEUT.-COLONEL MOORE—SPRINGDALE STREET, ST. JOHN'S

## Grace Hospital Nurses' Graduation

IN PITTS' MEMORIAL HALL, ST. JOHN'S

The Sub-Territorial Commander Presides

tional activities. It was a wonderful inspiration to face such a great and representative gathering, and feel

Hospital generally for the four-year period of its operation. He made tolling reference to the auspices under which it was opened, the huge difficulties confronting early operations, and the self-sacrifice and self-devotion that had brought it to its present position in the forefront of such institutions, not only locally, but throughout the world. During this period the Hospital had handled over eight hundred maternity cases, representing more than twelve thousand days of treatment. More than seven hundred babies had been born in the last twelve months. In addition to this phase of its activities, Grace Hospital had also handled more than fifteen hundred surgical and medical cases, who had been treated for a total of 15,440 days.

### Splendid Co-operation

The Medical Superintendent's report was a great deal more than statistical. He referred to the splendid spirit of co-operation between all classes and all denominations that had rendered possible the erection and the equipment of Grace Hospital. He paid a high tribute to Dr. Cluny MacPherson, with whom the idea had originated, and who had since been a tower of strength and an unfailing support to the institution. Sir Marmaduke, and the late Lady Winter, were also alluded to in eulogistic terms for their devotion to this particular cause. High tribute was paid the Matron and Nursing Staff and the noble band of ladies who had constituted themselves into an association to forward the cause of the institution.

Dr. Roberts spoke not only of the particular work done in the institution, but of the widespread influence it was creating in the country generally. The occasion of the evening's gathering gave point to this portion of his remarks. Year after year bands of trained nurses were going forth from Grace Hospital properly equipped for maternity work throughout Newfoundland. It was impossible to exaggerate the value of this

phase of the institution's activities. It was, indeed, impossible to estimate it at its full worth.

These important preliminaries disposed with, the central function of the evening was taken up. Dr. A. H. Carnell, one of the Medical Staff of Grace Hospital, clearly and solemnly enunciated the Florence Nightingale Pledge, which was repeated by the members of the Graduating Class. Dr. W. H. Parsons, M.C., Superintendent of the Hospital for Insane, delivered a solemn charge to the nurses on the important duties of their profession. He emphasized the necessity of such efficient training in specialized nursing as was being provided at Grace Hospital, and spoke of the essential nature of the cooperation that such nurses could and should render the members of the medical profession. Hospitals, doctors, and nurses represented a scientific unity capable of almost unlimited benefit to suffering humanity.

The presentation of diplomas was made by Mrs. (Dr.) W. Roberts and Staff-Captain Fagner bestowed the class pins.

Dr. Cluny MacPherson took occasion to speak in eulogistic terms of the nursing staff of the institution, and complimented Staff-Captain Fagner, the Matron, on her devotion to her duties, and her able and unceasing cooperation with the members of the Medical and Surgical Staff in all phases of their hospital work.

### The Matron's Thanks

In expressing her thanks for this recognition of her efforts, Staff-Captain Fagner acknowledged the thoughtfulness and the courtesy of the doctors and surgeons associated with the Hospital, and described the debt owed them by the institution. She had also received inestimable assistance from the members of the Ladies' Auxiliary, as well as hosts of friends throughout the city and the country generally.

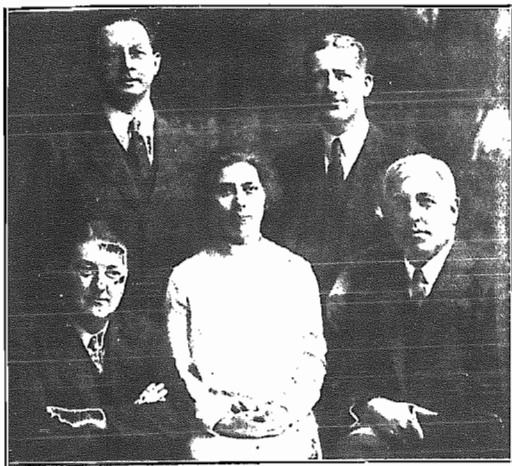
The nurses' dedicatory prayer was made by Rev. J. G. Joyce, who also pronounced the Benediction after the singing of the Doxology.

During the Graduation ceremonies, solos were rendered by Misses E. Herde and Soper, and by Mr. H. Wylie.

The reception, later held at the Presbyterian Hall, was a most enjoyable one, forming a fitting finale to an evening of the greatest interest and moment.

THE Pitts' Memorial Hall, the spacious assembly room of the United Church College, at St. John's, Newfoundland, was well filled on the evening of Thursday, October 5th, the occasion of the second Graduating ceremony held in connection with Grace Hospital.

The esteem in which this useful Salvation Army Hospital is held in the capital city of the Ancient Colony, and the value placed on its activities, was evident not only from the numerical attendance, but also from the representative nature of the assemblage. All classes and creeds



### The Medical Staff of the Hospital

Standing (left) Dr. Cluny MacPherson, (right) Dr. Wm. Roberts, Medical Superintendent; seated, Dr. Arthur Carnell, Staff-Captain Fagner, Superintendent, and Dr. John Grieve

were in attendance, and shared in the activities of the gathering and in the reception on behalf of the graduate nurses, later held at the hall of the Presbyterian Church.

Lt.-Colonel Moore presided over the gathering. With him on the platform were the Rev. A. B. S. Stirling, Rector of St. Mary's Church of England; Rev. J. G. Joyce, Pastor of Wesley Church; Mrs. (Dr.) W. Roberts, Major Tilley, and Staff-Captain Fagner, Superintendent of Grace Hospital. The Graduating Class was played into the hall and on to the platform by the No. 1 Band.

### The Graduating Nurses

The members of the class were: Captain V. L. Best and N. P. Oke; Lieutenants C. Bennet and C. MacGregor; and nurses Mrs. L. B. Plummer, M. Enright, J. M. Kiene, G. M. Thomas, and M. Kirkford. Following the singing of the opening hymn, prayer was offered by Rev. A. B. S. Stirling, after which there was a Scripture reading by Major Tilley.

The Colonel took occasion to congratulate Staff-Captain Fagner and her zealous associates on the high standard of efficiency to which they had raised their own particular department of hospital activities. He was proud to announce that, because of services such as theirs, Grace Hospital, Newfoundland, has established a record equal to any similar Salvation Army institution in any part of the world. That, in his opinion, was high praise, indeed. It was a great encouragement to know that the Hospital had forged so notably to the forefront of such institu-



The Graduating Class, with the Superintendent and Assistants

## SALVATION FIRES IN THE FOREST CITY

(Continued from page 5)

mother, she found in it a full supply to relieve her anxiety.

### The Young People's Corps

Looking at the splendid group of Company Guards pictured on page five, you would expect to find a virile and well organized Young People's Corps at London 1 Citadel; and if you could look in and see the functioning of the various branches of Young People's Work you would not be disappointed. Not only is the work among the Young People well organized, but it is well supplied with necessary equipment, from the Sand Tray and Primary departments up to the Senior Bible Classes, of which four are in operation, for married men, married women, young men and young women respectively. The Scouts are particularly fortunate as they have a hall entirely separate from the Citadel and the other Young People's Hall.

The average Company Meeting attendance is about 170, and Young People's Sergeant-Major Ferguson, a veteran Young People's Worker, is optimistic for bigger and better things in the future.

### Life-Saving Scouts and Guards

Both these organizations are strong and active. The Scout Troop numbers thirty-six, divided into five Patrols and well organized through- out under the leadership of Scout-Leader J. Vanderheiden, Assistant-Leader G. Shepherd, and Chaplain C. Hoe.

The majority of the boys are in uniform. A Scout Band is being formed, and all hands are working hard for the Handicraft Exhibition which is to be held on November 17th and 18th. The Troop spent two weeks in camp at Port Frank this Summer and profited greatly by it, as well as having a very happy time.

Guard-Leader O. Flowers has a splendid Troop under her control, numbering about fifty girls. They were one of the first Troops to be fully equipped with the new grey uniforms, and for all-round efficiency are acknowledged to be one of the finest Troops in the Territory. They also spent two profitable weeks in camp, and are making abundant preparation to keep their end up at the Handicraft Exhibition.

### LIFE-SAVING SCOUTS AND GUARDS HANDICRAFT EXHIBITION IN TORONTO

The official opening of the Life-Saving Scouts and Guards Handicraft Exhibition in Toronto will be conducted by the Commissioner and will take place at the Toronto Temple on Wednesday, November 8th, at 2 p.m. The Temple Council Chamber will be utilized for the thousand and one exhibits, whilst the auditorium will be used for demonstration purposes.

Last year's event of this nature was an excellent criterion of what may be expected this year, and it is safe to assume that the Temple will be a veritable chamber of delights and surprises, as instructive and educational as interesting. The public will be admitted to the Exhibition during the three days, between the hours of 2 and 10 p.m.

Competition tests between Life-Saving Scout and Guard Troops will be held on Wednesday evening; on Thursday and Friday the Troops of the Toronto West and East Divisions respectively will demonstrate.

# Veterans Lay Aside The Sword

## SISTER MRS. M. PETTY AND BROTHER THOS. WRIGHT,

ST. THOMAS

During the past few weeks St. Thomas Corps has lost two of its veteran Soldiers in the persons of Brother John Wright and Sister Mrs. Petty.

Brother Wright's Salvation Army career commenced in the Old Land over thirty years ago, and during all the intervening years he has been loyal and true. He has faithfully filled several positions, the first being that of Color-Sergeant. When this commission was handed to him by Commissioner Whatmore he was presented with a new Flag; the old Colors were also given to him, and these he promised to cherish till he died, expressing a desire that they should be buried with him. This wish was carried out.

Brother Wright came to St. Thomas about twenty-two years ago, and at once became a hard worker in the Corps, and until the end did all he possibly could to push forward the work.

He had a bright testimony when the end came. Many of his words will long be remembered by the comrades. On the Sunday before his death, an Officer made reference to that chorus: "When the saints come marching in," and was saying that

needed help, our comrade was always on hand to do her best. In the capacity of Home League Secretary she endeared herself to the hearts of all our sisters, and the League enjoyed a good measure of success under her leadership. Just four years ago our comrade was stricken with paralysis; during that trying time the



Sister Martha Petty,  
St. Thomas

Officers were many times by her bedside and she exhibited a wonderful spirit of patience, and of confidence in God. She was at all times resigned to the will of God.

Our Promoted comrades will be missed, but we are praying that others will come forward to fill up the ranks.

## BRO. GODFREY WORTH, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Brother Godfrey Worth, who has been a Soldier of this Corps for eighteen years, has passed to the Great Beyond. After just one week of serious sickness, the Death Angel visited his home. But though the Call came so suddenly, he had the assurance that all was well with his soul.

At the Funeral and Memorial services a large number of friends gathered to pay their last tribute.

Our comrade leaves to mourn one sister, niece, and a number of grandchildren, who are connected with The Salvation Army.

## BROTHER BARNES, TORONTO TEMPLE

Brother Barnes, a faithful Soldier of the Temple Corps went to his Reward on Sunday afternoon, October 9th. Treasurer Almy, speaking at the Funeral service, which was conducted by Commandant Riches, the Corps Officer, told how one Sunday evening, about four years ago, he had almost decided not to go to the meeting at the Temple but felt if he went he might be made a blessing. Seeing Brother Barnes, he dealt with him about his soul, with the result

that our comrade went to the post-mortem and became soundly converted, living a consistent Christian life right up to the time of his passing.

Prior to his conversion, Brother Barnes had not attended a place of worship for over twenty years. He was a regular attendant at all meetings, especially the morning and evening Prayer meetings.

The respect in which our comrade was held was shown by the presence at the Funeral service of a large number of employees from the factory where he worked, as well as his employer.

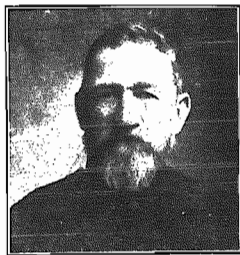
Our sympathy goes out to the sorrowing widow, as well as to the family here in Canada.—Corres. A. Payne.

## A PIONEER SOLDIER LAD

### TO REST

## "DAD" CAWARDINE, TODMORDE

On Sunday, October 2nd, Todmorden's oldest Soldier, Dad Cawardine, passed to his Eternal Reward at the age of eighty-nine. He was one of the first Salvation Army Soldiers in Canada and served in the ranks for forty-four years. Although a great sufferer of late, he was never heard to complain, and he had a firm trust in God. He always gave a beautiful testimony when visited by the Officers and comrades, assuring them



Brother Cawardine, Todmorden

that all was well and he was only waiting for the call to go Home. His last words were, "The waters are deep, but I'm going Home." He then passed away to meet his Master whom he had loved and served so well.

His life has been a means of blessing in Todmorden, where he was loved and well known. When ill, he would go into the homes of the people and tell them of Jesus, pray with the sick, encourage the discouraged, and do the work of the Lord.

The Funeral service was conducted by Major McElhiney, assisted by the Corps Officers, at the home of our comrade's daughter. A Memorial

service was conducted the following Sunday night by Major McElhiney, who was an old friend of our departed comrade. Brother Bolton, who had known the veteran warrior for a number of years, spoke of his faithfulness to God and The Army, as did Treasurer Moore. The invitation was given for someone to fill the breach that had been made, and a young man came forward and consecrated himself to God's service. Our prayers are with the bereaved, especially his dear wife who is in her eighty-eighth year.

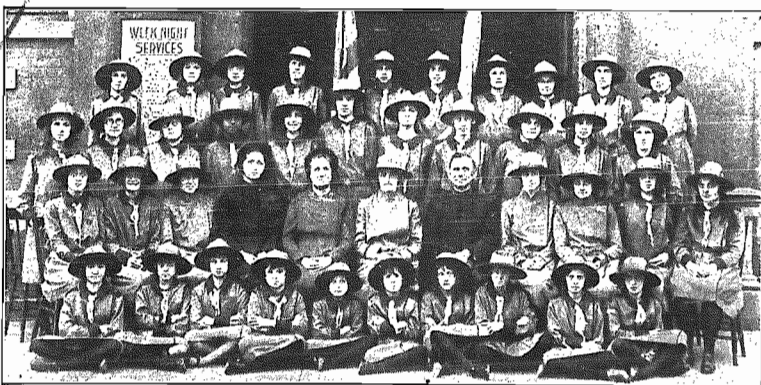
"When YOU come to death's cold flood How will you do?"



Brother John Wright,  
St. Thomas

John Wesley and John Knox would be there, when our comrade's voice rang out: "And Brother John Wright." Truly this saint of God has gone marching Home.

Sister Mrs. Petty is another Soldier who has fought faithfully under the Flag for upwards of thirty years, twenty-two of which have been spent at St. Thomas. Mrs. Petty lived a quiet, consistent life, doing most of her work behind the scenes. Whenever there was a case that



London 1 Life-Saving Guards Troop (Guard-Leader O. Flowers)



CIRCULATION  
CHART

<b>Corps selling 800 and over</b>	
Montreal I (Ensign and Mrs. Green)	855
Halifax (Adjutant and Mrs. Boshier)	850
<b>Corps selling 600 and over</b>	
Hamilton (Adjutant and Mrs. Alderman)	605
Riverdale (Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon)	600
<b>Corps selling 500 and over</b>	
Ottawa I (Ensign and Mrs. Fahie)	565
Hamilton (Adjutant Jones, Captain Maxwell)	550
Moncton I (Commandant and Mr. Hargrove)	525
<b>Corps selling 400 and over</b>	
Timmins (Ensign and Mrs. Bond, Lieut. Dovers)	400
Kingston (Ensign and Mrs. Squirebriggs)	400
<b>Corps selling 300 and over</b>	
Yorkville (Commandant and Mrs. Speller)	365
Windsor I (Adjutant McLean, Ensign Hayward)	350
St. Thomas (Commandant and Mrs. Woodcock)	325
Sherbrooke (Ensign and Mrs. Larnham, Lieutenant Hamilton)	315
Hamilton III (Commandant and Mrs. Wilmont)	310
St. John I (Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)	300
Brantford (Field-Major and Mrs. Storchelinger)	300
Sarnia (Commandant and Mrs. Cavender)	300
Lippincott (Captain and Mrs. Ellis)	300
<b>Corps selling 200 and over</b>	
Turco (Adjutant and Mrs. Hillier)	285
Halifax II (Commandant Wells)	285
Windsor II (Adjutant Bird, Captain Hart)	275
Montreal IV (Adjutant Smith, Lieut. Thompson)	275
Montreal II (Ensign and Mrs. Hart)	275
Fredricton (Field-Major and Mrs. Hiseock)	265
Niagara Falls (Commandant and Mrs. John)	265
Port Colborne (Captain Zarfas, Lieut. Simpson)	260
Orillia (Commandant and Mrs. Barclay)	260
Peterboro (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	255
East Toronto (Commandant Goodwin, Lieut. Hildebrand)	255
Dovercourt (Commandant Frank Lings)	250
London I (Commandant and Mrs. Elliott)	250
Orillia (Ensign and Mrs. Goshen)	250
Sydney (Captain and Mrs. Eversitt)	250
Hamilton (Commandant and Mrs. Rayner)	250
North Toronto (Ensign Clarke, Lieutenant Barrett)	240
Brook Avenue (Captain and Mrs. Green)	235
St. Catharines (Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer, Adjutant Mercer)	225
Ennisville (Adjutant and Mrs. Moland)	225
Parliament Street (Ensign Page, Lieutenant Corby)	225
Galt (Adjutant and Mrs. Graves)	225
Glac (Captain and Mrs. Howlett)	225
New Glasgow (Ensign and Mrs. Cummings)	225
St. Stephen (Adjutant and Mrs. Kison)	225
Woodstock Ont. (Adjutant and Mrs. Hargrove)	210
Ottawa II (Adjutant and Mrs. Hargrove)	210
Subsary (Ensign and Mrs. Kimmish, Capt. Dorman)	210
Yarmouth (Ensign Leach, Lieutenant Hamilton)	200
Chatham, Ont. (Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman)	200
North Bay (Commandant and Mrs. Poole)	200
Sault Ste. Marie (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove, Capt. Wood)	200
Windsor II (Ensign Hargrove and Mrs. Richardson)	200
Montreal V (Ensign and Mrs. Rawlins)	200
Bridgeport (Ensigns Ford and Vail)	200
Stratford (Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson)	200
West Toronto (Commandant Davis, Lieut. Ward)	200
Danforth (Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)	200
<b>Corps selling 110 and over</b>	
Dartmouth (Captain and Mrs. Volsey)	185
Belleville (Adjutant and Mrs. Boulton)	180
Owen Sound (Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)	180

(Continued in column 4)

## Introducing C. M. Rising

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED—STOP THROWING STONES—ALL'S WELL AGAIN—A NEW OPENING GOES UP—A GREAT SPURT COMING—"ADVANCE!" IS THE SLOGAN

S TOP! You really mustn't blame me. Believe me, or believe me not, I'm not the fellow. As a matter of fact, I'm the chap you all ought to be hurling your bouquets of appreciation at. Yes I am, I'm him in the new circulation news writer.

To say the least, it's really disheartening to a chap like to be blamed for leaving THE WAR CRY Chart out of recent issues when I warned the people here what would happen. I knew you'd all say

## "Where Is It?"

or "what's happened?" or "have you forgotten it?" This last hurts a chap like who's proud of his good memory and who can still remember, for instance, the hiding he had when he played truant from school, although it's away back and back and back.

Forgotten it? Never! It's like this. I see to the Editor I see: "What about it?"

"What about IT?" sez he. "What about what—the only IT that bothers me as the circulation news writer."

"Oh, you mean the Chart; yes, of course. Well, what about it?"

"That's just what I say,

## What About It?

To be or not to be; speaking of, of course, so far as this vital question relates to the appearance of the Chart in the next issue."

"Well, you see, we've got up for space," sez he. "Where's this going, and that, and that, and this?"—and the Editor flops some galley proofs about and wears a worried expression.

"If we don't put it in, there'll be an awful, terrible row," sez I. "These Corps?" I see "where's climbing, like to see how far they have gone and how far they have to go before they reach the top, and if they can't see the Chart, they can't tell where they are getting to—don't know where they are—

## Lost the Compass

—in the dark, and all that sort of thing."

"Yes, I see the strength of your well-reasoned argument. You've certainly stated your case clearly and impressively; but I'm afraid—" He shook his head.

He saw my downcast expression (I realized what a blow this would be to you all), and exclaimed: "Don't take it too hard, lad; face it bravely; pull your socks up; we all have our hard times; perhaps, next week—"

Then came one thing after another, and then Congress—and less room still—and still no Chart. And now come the tow-locks and stones and broken bottles and hard names you're all throwing at me—ME!

Perhaps after this explanation of the way I've championed your interests—valiantly and fearlessly—

## Down, But Never Out.

you will, by the next post, send some kind words to help the sore.

Such was my dream; and it serves to show how worried my mind is on account of you all.

Well, at any rate, here it is in a brand new form with the latest positions. You will see that the Champion is still Champion, and let me announce the splendid news that Oakville (Captain and Mrs. Calvert) is after him, and so is Oxford, where Captain Tilley and Lieutenant Hutchinson hold the fort.

Yes, they're "after" him, and

they're "after" him, because they're "after" him; that is, the very fact that they "after" him sends them post haste "after" him, if you know what I mean. (Rather clever that.)

Not staggering increases, perhaps. Don't misunderstand me. They haven't increased 1,000, but

## They Grow Willing

and that's better than sitting in the mud and saying: "This here I would always abide."

"Up and at 'em!" should be the motto of every Corps now that we have all settled down to a forward move during these coming Winter months. The example of Oxford especially should stir us all. Think of it! A new opening sets the pace! I see the bluster mount to the faces of the well-seasoned veteran Corps, and I fancy I hear them say: "Wait a bit; just give us a chance. We're on the point of making

## A Great Spurt

We're mustering our forces, heaving the anchor, and soon we'll be off in the "CRY" plane at a pace that will set friend Green shaking in his shoes."

Well and good! That's the word. Now my space has gone, and so I must cease firing. Remember we are in for a great boom. Make sure your Corps is not among the "standstills."

"Advance!" is the slogan.

Yours, waiting expectantly for the next increase,

—C. M. Rising.

P.S. Just like me! Nearly forgot! The Editor asked me to be sure and mention the Christmas WAR CRY. All I can do this week is to tell you it's a corker! The fair presses are already roaring away at a section of the Big Annual, and everybody who has stolen into the press room to see it has left on the tip-toe of enthusiasm regarding it. So, get ready! More anon.—C.M.R.

## WE ARE LOOKING FOR YOU!

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, before and after, as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Communications regarding the under-mentioned persons should be made to: Lieutenant DesBrisay, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

NEADLE, Janet Margaret—Age 21; height 5 ft. 9 in.; weight 125 lbs.; dark hair; black eyes; fair complexion. Miss RAFEITY, Mrs. Nellie—Age 35; height 5 ft. 6 in.; dark hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; English by birth. Missing four years. Sister would like to get in touch with her.

MEERS, Mrs. Harriet (maiden name Siffenous)—Age 40 years. Last known address, Ottawa, Ont. Age 48 years; height 5 ft. 6 in.; dark hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; English. Relative enquiring.

LOONEY, Mary—Age 27 years; fair hair; brown eyes. Born Glasgow, Scotland. Worked in 1924 for Toronto. Training for a nurse. Friends enquiring. WILKE, Edna Margaret—Age 22 years; height about 5 ft. 10 in.; dark brown hair; brown eyes; freckled; fair complexion. Left England June 25th, 1925. Last heard of at Ottawa. Mother enquiring.

WACHUTA, Mrs. Katherine, Yurian, and brother John—Emigrated to Canada in 1916. Have their own farm in Canada. Supposed to be living on it. Should this meet the eye, kindly write to Women's Social Office, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

GONAGNOU (Ensign Tucker, Lieutenant Spicer) 110

London II (Captain and Mrs. Mann) 110

Strathroy (Captain and Mrs. Oliver) 110

Rowntree (Captain and Lieutenant Clarke) 110

## Coming Events

## THE CHIEF SECRETARY

## AND MRS. HENRY

Montreal (United Holiness Meeting)

—Fri., Nov. 4.

Sherbrooke — Sat.-Sun.-Mon., Nov. 7-9.

Corwall—Tues., Nov. 8.

Kingston—Wed., Nov. 9.

Belleville—Thurs., Nov. 10.

## Mrs. Colonel Henry

Riverdale (Home League Sale of Work)—Thurs., Nov. 3.

Montreal (United Home League)—

Mon., Nov. 4.

Dovercourt (Young People's League Sale of Work)—Tues., Nov. 15.

MAJOR and Mrs. KENDALL: Galt, Sat., Nov. 4-Sun., Nov. 12.

MAJOR WALTER Toronto Temple, Sat.-Sun., Nov. 4-5.

(Continued from column 1)

Lisgar Street (Ensign Kettle, Captain Lennox)	180
Cambridge (Captain and Mrs. Tayton)	175
Toronto I (Ensign and Mrs. Crowe)	170
Guelph (Commandant and Mrs. White)	170
Whitney (Captain and Mrs. Mills)	170
Ilton (Ensign and Mrs. Bayley)	170
St. John II (Captain and Mrs. Williams)	165
Bedford (Ensign and Mrs. Williams)	165
Toronto Temple (Captain Gage, Lieut. Wiseman)	165
Cobourg (Commandant and Mrs. Pollock)	155
Corwall (Ensign and Mrs. Pollock)	155
Woodburn (Ensign and Mrs. White)	155
St. John III (Ensign and Mrs. Wood)	150
Sault Ste. Marie II (Ensign and Mrs. Lutton)	150
Ottawa (Ensign McDowall, Lieut. Murray)	150
Kitchener (Ensign and Mrs. Gault)	150
Leamington (Ensign and Mrs. Morrison)	150
Wallingford (Ensign Chittenden and Stokoe)	150
Brookville (Ensign and Mrs. Lutton)	150
Scarlett Plains (Captain Smith, Lieut. Harrington)	145
Midland (Captain Russell, Lieutenant Othello)	145
New Aberdeen (Ensign and Mrs. Mercer)	145
New Waterford (Ensign Taggart, Lieutenant Jones)	145
Smith's Falls (Ensign and Mrs. Dixon)	145
Midland (Adjutant and Mrs. Evans)	145
Woodbine (Lieutenant, Lieut. Wilkin)	145
St. John IV (Ensign Peddlesden, Lieutenant Wells)	145
Cobalt (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Trenton, Ont. (Captain Henshaw, Lieut. Hether)	145
Ingersoll (Adjutant and Mrs. Thompson)	145
Byron (Ensign and Mrs. Thompson)	145
Montreal V (Ensign and Mrs. Thompson)	145
Montreal VII (Adjutant and Mrs. Jones)	145
Tillsonville (Ensign and Mrs. Kingston, Lieutenant Hamilton)	145
Newcastle (Captain Davies, Lieutenant Brown)	145
Kentville (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
North Sydney (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Windsor, N.S. (Adjutant and Mrs. Kirby)	145
Sydney (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Springhill Mines (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Welland (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Lindsay (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Swainsburg (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Brantford (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Prescott (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Paris (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Whitby (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Simsbury (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Rhodes Avenue (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Wychwood (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Chatham, N.B. (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Chatham, N.B. (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Kirkland Lake (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Carleton Place (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145
Carleton Place (Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove)	145

(Continued at foot of column 2)



## A "DEAR LITTLE STAFF-CAPTAIN"

Lady Writer's Shipboard Impressions of an Army Officer

The following extract from an article by Edith M. Luke in the "New Outlook" refers to Mrs. Staff-Captain Little, who, with her husband, recently returned to the West Indies after furloughing in Canada. The writer, in describing her experiences aboard the S. S. Forester, says:

"Among those who interested me most was a dear little Staff-Captain of the Salvation Army, who, with her Irish husband, was journeying back to Kingston, Jamaica, the scene of their labors. Her hair was brown and curly—a permanent wave, her husband humorously called it—her face was somewhat pallid from too much work under a tropical sun, but was lighted with eyes that were full of understanding and

"I was born in Western Ontario," she said, and I joined The Salvation Army when I was a girl in my early teens. I have labored for The Army forty years, in all parts of Canada, and in recent years my husband and I have been in South America. My husband received Captain Scott's body at Montevideo. Later on, we were sent to Jamaica, and my husband is in charge of all the accounts of The Army for the West Indies."

"Oh, it is so warm in Jamaica," she said, with a patient smile. "I really can't go out much in the middle of the day, but I visit the infirm and the sick in the poorhouse and the hospitals mornings and evenings, and say a few words of comfort to them. Sometimes just a whisper—'Don't despair, dear sister, Jesus is coming for you soon'—and perhaps before my next visit she is gone."

"I like to get the Montreal 'Witness' to keep me in touch with Canada," continued the little Staff-Captain, and I have a box into which I throw my spare pennies for the subscription. My husband must have two new white uniforms when we reach Kingston—we all wear white in Jamaica—so I won't get anything new for myself until next year. That is how we take a turn about," she said with a merry smile.

"One of my hardest tasks on leaving the boat at Bermuda was to say good-bye to this saintly little woman, with radiant happy face. She said, wistfully: 'We shall be on the boat another week before we reach Kingston—our next stop is Nassau in the Bahamas.'"

## WELCOME TO WOMEN IN DISTRESS

A Canadian Press despatch, which appeared in several papers, thus refers to the good work being carried on in one of our Montreal Institutions:

"Ready at any time to extend a welcome to any woman in any kind of distress, the Receiving Home of The Salvation Army on Cathcart Street (Montreal) has an interesting and practical scope of work. With the Summer tourist season comes one pathetic type of visitor—the stranded 'hiker' who has been too optimistic that good luck will carry her on her way, and who is financially stranded. Yet other adventurous young women have accepted the offer of a lift by some unknown motorist, and on arrival in the city have appealed to the good offices of the Receiving Home."

## LITTLE TALKS TO PARENTS

### No. IV—DIPLOMACY IN MANAGING CHILDREN

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

I HAVE always noticed that a request has a better effect on a child than a command. In some cases a little diplomacy will prove even better than a direct request.

Let us suppose it is just time for your little girl to have her drink of milk. For some reason or other, you are pretty sure that she will make a face when you say: "It is time for your milk now." She will probably pout and cry and give you a bad quarter of an hour. Be a little diplomatic with your small daughter. Looking at the clock with a smile, say: "Pussy and mother and baby will never grow strong if we forget their milk. Shall we give pussy hers first to-day?" This makes a little distraction. Pussy laps up her milk hurriedly as if to say how good it is, you drink yours, and small daughter immediately follows suit.

Another time you might try adding some little dainty to the milk and say: "I wonder what will be in our saucers to-day." Then the odd-shaped cracker is eaten with the milk, and all is well.

Bedtime is another trial to some mothers. The more tired a child is the less she wants to go to bed. "Your big dolly has gone to sleep in your bed!" we might say, having first

put the doll there. "Now, what are we to do about it?" Dolly is then put in her bed and, as a natural sequence, the child goes to her bed.

If we were to consider the matter from an unprejudiced point of view, we should see that we often ask our children to do things we should not like doing ourselves. Should we like to put down a book at the most exciting point in the story and go to bed? Is it easy for a child to stop in the middle of a game? You can avoid this by saying at the beginning:

"You may play if you can finish in half an hour." Children generally know how long a game will take. When a game is very near its finish, I would not push all the things they are playing with ruthlessly to one side in order to be punctual to the minute. Why not give the children due warning when only five or ten minutes are left, and even allow a few more minutes if the game requires it?

After all, what we want is happy, healthy children, and reasonableness on the part of the parents will do much to insure this joy. It is impossible to make a rule that will apply to all children, but the individuality of the child and parental love and watchfulness should teach us the right method with each of our own.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG WIFE

### PART V

NOW I must tell you about our little daughter, Cynthia Jane. She is only three months old, but she has already established herself securely in our hearts and we could never do without her. She has not yet ceased to be a wonder to us. What a perfect little being she is and how she has grown and developed in just three months.

I must admit that at first I had many misgivings about my ability to

take care of a tiny baby. I had not been so fortunate as some, and had never had a small brother or sister to practise on, so poor little Cynthia Jane got the benefit of all my ignorance and clumsiness. I soon found, though, that each time I handled her or bathed her, it was that much easier and now I would be quite insulted if anyone were to tell me I looked awkward or was not holding her correctly.

## TRADE DEPARTMENT

### "HELPS TO HOLINESS"

This most helpful book by Commissioner S. Brengle, D.D., should be read by all.

We have now on sale a special edition, which we are offering at 15c. per copy; post paid, three cents extra.

Don't fail to secure a copy. It will prove of inestimable value to all who seek to obtain this wonderful and desirable experience.

### JUST TO HAND

Troop Flags for Chum Brigades. Price, post paid, \$5.00.

Troop Flags for Sunbeam Brigades. Price, post paid, \$5.00.

Don't forget that we make to order all Uniforms for men or women, also Private Suits and Overcoats. Send for prices, samples and self-measurement charts.

## The Trade Department

20 Albert Street

Toronto 2, Ont.

## TESTED RECIPES

By Mrs. Brigadier Knight

### CHRISTMAS SHORTBREAD

Two cups flour, one cup butter, one-half cup icing sugar, Cream butter and add sugar gradually, beating well each time. Add the flour, a little at a time, and beat well. Put out on a floured board, about one-quarter of an inch in thickness. Cut in lengths or rounds, prick each cake with a fork and bake in a slow oven until a light brown.

### CARAMEL PUDDING (Children's Favorite)

One and a half cups of brown sugar, two tablespoons butter, one pint milk, three tablespoons cornstarch, one egg. Blend cornstarch with a little of the milk and add to egg, warm milk and put sugar and butter in a saucepan to brown; then add milk, and after it has blended with sugar, add egg and cornstarch and stir until thick, then add vanilla and heat well. When cold serve with cream.

### FLUFFY CAKE

Three-quarters cup butter, two egg yolks, one and a quarter cups of sugar, one-quarter teaspoon salt, one teaspoon baking soda, two teaspoons cream tartar, one cup milk, one teaspoon vanilla, two egg whites, two cups flour. Cream butter, egg yolk and sugar, add alternately milk and flour, the cream of tartar having been added to the flour with the last portion of milk, dissolve soda and stir well, add vanilla and stiffly beaten whites.

I cannot help but be thankful that we live in the present age. I have certainly found it true that if we seek we shall find, and I mean this in connection with data on the care of infants and children. It seems that there is no excuse these days for parents going very far wrong in the bringing up of their children, from a health standpoint, at least.

### Many Lessons to Learn

Cynthia Jane's grandmothers think I am very rigid in carrying out the rules concerning her feeding, sleeping, etc., but if I can only adhere to them, I feel that she will be well off. These babies seem such helpless little creatures and entirely at our mercy, but they can soon become little tyrants and rulers of the home completely. Cynthia Jane has tried to do this and I'm afraid has many lessons to learn yet along that line.

George is simply crazy about her, and I believe she is crazy about her daddy and knows him already. Fortunately, his ideas regarding her coincide with mine, or else she would be completely spoiled. He does like to do all the pleasant things for her, though, and leave me to do the unpleasant. I hardly realized what he was about, when he would ask to pick her up, and then when the time came to lay her in her little bed again, he would hand her to me and let me do it. It happened so many times, though, that I finally noticed it, and found that he did not want to do anything to make her cry. Therefore, I was the one to lay her down again.

### Really Amusing

The first time that we took her out in her carriage, George was quite willing to have me wheel it, but now I can scarcely touch it. If I am granted that privilege, he thinks that he is more capable of guiding it across the streets than I am. This is really amusing when I seem to manage it all right when I am out without him, in the afternoons.

We have many plans and ideas regarding her future and are already wondering what she will be, but she has been dedicated to God, and her dad's and my greatest ambition for her is that she will grow up to be a good girl and work for God in winning souls for Him.

# AFTER MANY DAYS

## THE STORY OF PREACHER MOORE'S SON

by ENSIGN VINCENT CUNNINGHAM

Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days

### CHAPTER VIII

BILL MOORE bade a polite, but firm, "good night" to the Army woman Officer who was dealing with him about spiritual matters as he listened to the Open-air testimonies and songs. He walked rapidly away and the Captain went



"If a fellow could only believe them," he murmured regretfully

back to her Open-air stand.

Her words followed him and stayed with him to the extent that he lost his mind, and the night's play showed a loss for the house and the boss asked him what was on his mind.

"How old are you, Bill?" he wanted to know.

"Not old enough to lose my skill, anyway," the dealer replied sullenly. "It's just a jinx wished on me by a friend of mine and will go away after I've had a trick under the sheets. Think I'll sleep around the clock. It's been coming pretty speedy for me since the big win, so you don't need to look for me until Thursday afternoon."

Bill did take his big sleep but the voice of the girl talked to him in his dreams and the words she said were mightily backed home. It was the first time he had ever lost his nerve.

"If a fellow could only believe them," he murmured regretfully. "But I can't do it. They think they're right but they don't know, that's all. The only ones who are getting any good out of religion are the professionals, the professors who are in it for what they get out of it. They certainly don't have the experience my dad used to have, but the ones who are really there with the goods never get any good out of life at all, and in addition they are fools themselves, for after a fellow's dad he gets his. It's all fixed before-hand."

But the philosophy would not work, and the jinx he sought to pursue the man until his mind was gone, and he was a wreck of losing his job. Gamblers he had trimmed in the old days floated over his fall, and to atone some share in it. One day the came to him quietly.

"You're on the blink, Bill," he knew it hurts to admit it, but the same, you've got a lot of bad luck that works at everybody who works with me. I've got to deal you a fade-out, I take it. The gang here are in it to you and you can't turn a

trick in Denver. I'll give you a get-away stake to get out of town and for a start wherever you go, if you'll play my way."

Bill pondered the matter.

"You're right," he assented. "Anyway, I don't seem to be doing any good here. It's the biggest jinx that ever tied onto me and I've had some big ones in my time. I can't tell you about it either, but I know the reason and I'll shake this show just as I've shaken others."

So Denver knew Bill Moore no longer, and he took up residence in the copper country in Butte, where men were red-blooded and the only law was the law of the first draw. He came into the town unheralded and thanked whatever gods he served that there were none there who knew him or of him.

Scraping acquaintance with a saloon proprietor, Bill secured permission to leave some of his stuff behind the bar, and dressed as the miners dress, living as they lived, and attempting to think the way they thought, Bill prepared for a clean-up, pay day.

Pay day was every two weeks, and they came to the town in droves to spend their money on booze, women, gambling, and what not. From the cattle and sheep ranches they came also, but not so frequently. Butte was a wide-open town sporting every known form of vice and crookedness and in that was not different from most of the live frontier towns of the day. Life was cheap and to quarrel with anyone meant to handle it carefully.

In the low-ceilinged room where Bill had stored his stuff and where he mingled with the sons of toil, was the usual bar and back bar, with a lunch-counter in one corner, eight tables, always full, and a tradition for having thrown away the key when first the house opened. Day and night the bell-hole flourished, its usual serenity only occasionally ruffled by invasions of the law or a shooting.

Butte boasted of about ten thousand souls at the time Bill Moore decided to inflict his presence upon the place, and was rapidly growing, so rapidly, that the sporting element began to fear for its existence. Increasing population always means the curtailment, if not the abolition,

of the sporting element.

It was in the hours just succeeding sundown that Bill began a night of excitement and thrills and which nearly spelled the finish for the adventurer. There had been some light play during the afternoon, and with evening had come a sizeable delegation from one of the mines nearby, to be amused with whatever night offer.

One big lad with a terrific capacity for whiskey which did not seem to greatly interfere with speech, thought or locomotion, sat in at the table where Moore, in the habiliments of toil, sought to pass as a miner attempting to gamble.

The life of the gambler is not always a bed of roses, and Bill was just coming out of a run of rough which began when a Salvation Army woman Officer "hung a jinx" on him. The girl had assured him that he'd have no peace or no luck until he got right with God, and subsequent events proved her prophetic. He had been forced to leave Denver, and to make a new start in Butte.

On the night in question, the play was heavy. Men who had grubbed wealth from the bowels of earth were attempting to accumulate more from shifting pasteboards with varying degrees of luck. The play continued until early morning, and finally dwindled down to a contest between Moore and the big raw-boned miner with the large capacity. Four players had been successfully busted by the pair and the money lay between the two.

Bill was dealing and handed his opponent three kings and two low cards, slipping himself three queens and two aces.

"I'll raise you," asserted the miner. "And I'll raise you back," snorted Bill, and then made the come-on play, showing the three queens. "My hand is not worth calling. I'll have to better in the draw."

They drew cards. Bill discarded the two queens and drew two aces, at the same time dealing his opponent another jump.

The miner tapped himself and Bill called, but as the former went to take down the pot, Bill stopped him.

"Look 'em over, partner," and he spread four aces out before the astonished gaze of the incredulous

player. Four one-spots, and there-with went title to all of the money that lay on the table.

For a moment there was a look of disbelief in the miner's face; then he tumbled that he had been cold-decked. Allowing his gaze to wander, he noted that Moore's hands were not calloused with labor.



He came into the town unheralded

The fingers that spread themselves over the pile of gold coins were long and tapering and under the grime that was put there to deceive, there was evidence of care. Suspicion gave way to certainty, and was followed by a desire for revenge. If this new gambler in disguise thought he could get away with that kind of stuff he had another thought coming.

"You won the pot all right," he said, through lips that smiled with the horrible sneer of a fighting man, "but you'll never take it with you where I'm going to send you," and Moore's hair began to stand on end as he gazed into the mouth of a forty-five sixgun. "I've been cold-decked, and you know how to do it. In about one minute you're going to be in hell, so you'd better begin to pray if you've got any praying to do."

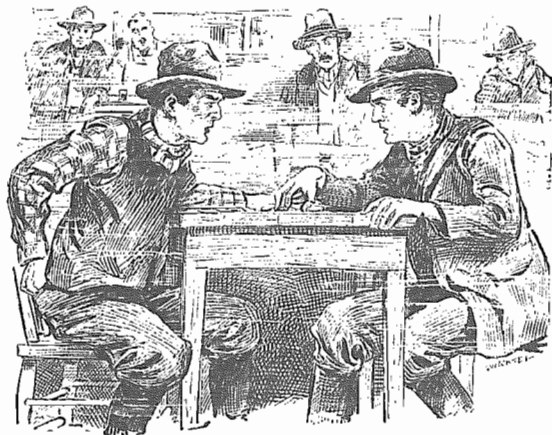
"But you wouldn't kill a kid for doing you, would you?" Bill was sparring for time. "You don't want to send a man like me into eternity without giving me a show do you?"

"What show did you give me?" the miner wanted to know.

"All you asked for," Bill responded. "I did not hunt you up. You came into the joint and you started to play, hoping that you could break the house. If you had known any way to do it, you would have cleaned me out, but you didn't know how. I outsmarted you and now you want to kill me for it."

"But I played square. You cheated and you know it. You won with four aces," he tapped the gun-barrel. "You won with four aces, but I've got six in this little shooting-iron."

"Well, you're either a fool or a liar," Bill shot out. "No gambler is honest and the whole world knows it. He's looking for something for nothing, and the difference between a professional and an amateur is that the professional knows how to get it."



Suspicion gave way to certainty, and was followed by a desire for revenge

(To be continued)

